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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Practicability of Players' Clubs—How the Lotos, Arcadian and Kindred Organizations Lost their Bohemian Characteristics—The Dire Results of Trying to be Formal and Formidable at Once—The Arcadian's Reception Recalled—What Sort of Place Edwin Booth's Players' Club Should Be—The Revival of Prince Methusalem and Some of Its Marked Peculiarities—Nym Crinkle's Pastoral Pranks in Union Square.

The handsome generosity of Mr. Edwin Booth looking to the establishment of a Players' Club in this city will, I have no doubt, do a great deal to found and make possible such a desideratum.

The mere attempt opens the whole question of the practicability of players' clubs and the clubbable quality of players generally.

Players' clubs, or clubs confined to players, have never been successful in a club sense, unless the bohemian coterie known in London as the Greenroom Club is an exception.

Of course the conditions are more favorable here at present than they have ever been before, but it remains to be seen if they are so changed as to make the latest scheme practicable and successful.

In the first place, a players' club ought to be in the hands of players, and this involves a constitutional clause restricting its membership to that class, and another clause allowing members to vote at the election of officers.

Here are presented the two rocks upon which all attempts to found players' clubs have split.

It has hitherto been found that an association restricted to players is not self-supporting. The player element is too limited and too unreliable to furnish the means and the attendance which will support a butler, a kitchen and a wine room, and make the club a centre of sociability. So that successful club meeting places of players have usually been one or two rooms adjacent to or over a chop house, and not equipped houses with full club advantages.

To meet this difficulty such clubs as the Lotos, the Arcadian, the Palette and the Lambs provided for the admission of what are called lay members—that is, non-professional members who paid an extra initiation fee for the privilege of associating with professional people.

These lay members were expected to furnish most of the patronage. But it was inevitable that they should get control of the club.

When it came to an election they were all on hand, and the players were scattered over the world. When you wanted the actor most he was in Australia or London or San Francisco, and it was usually found that, owing to careless business habits, he left without notification.

A successful club can only be run, like any other successful organization, on business lines, with a carefully devised and methodically executed system.

The history of professional clubs in this city has not shown either the desire or the capacity on the part of actors to run their clubs.

They desired, above all else, the unconventional freedom of the chop house, and that license of fraternity which could not be restricted by a system. The result was that the management of affairs always drifted into practical non-professional hands, or became free and easy mismanagement.

This was the history of the Lotos, the Arcadian, the Palette.

But what they lost in management they gained in camaraderie.

Very early in the history of the Lotos Club this problem presented itself: Shall this be a brilliant, extravagant, somewhat reckless concourse of bright people with nobody to pay the bills? or a dull, economic, uneventful and securely built resort of platitudinous and practical people.

Of course this is the old difference between the radical and ephemeral and the conservative and enduring. The Lotos, like all its imitators, passed through a hilarious season in which it sowed its wild oats. Some of its veterans now sit in their elegant nooks in the handsome and prosaic club-house and talk over the old times when Parepa Rosa, Kellogg, Nilsson, Santley, Wachtel, Booth, Ned Adams, Augustin Daly, John McCullough, John Brougham, Mrs. John

Wood, Wehl, Pattibon, Mills, Levy and Weber were on the floor surrounded by all the bohemians of the town; when the mere contact of so many brilliant people made an event, and the close air of the old rooms in Irving Place was a quiver with excitement and all the town wanted to be there.

But to gather the most conspicuous people—all the lions of the hour; to feel the pressure of an unique crowd; to hear the best music, and the best talkers, and the best fellows, for an evening; to get intoxicated with the excitement, was not making a club any more than giving tea-parties is building a family altar.

One looks back now at the mad scenes in bohemian club life and remembers that life as a series of *roués* in which the boisterousness of a college canvass, the familiarity of the green-room and the conviviality of a chop house were mingled in one stream of good humor and extravagance.

the florist who ornamented the walls should weave such salutations as, "See the conquering Cooper comes" and "All that glitters is not glue." And when the reception came off, such sturdy bohemians as Charles Gayler, George Clarke, Myron A. Cooney and George Hows, with a protesting following, sang ballads and war songs in the rear.

This was the college boy element that encompasses every congregation of actors.

Later the ambitious club undertook to honor Charlotte Cushman with a literary send off at Booth's Theatre, and Commodore Tooker took a hand in and organized a torchlight procession, in which a number of lawyers, critics and bohemians were seen marching down Twenty-third street carrying oil-lamps, and John Brougham put the finishing touch to the performance by suggesting that a banner should be carried with this rare device: "*Ar-cades flambeaux!*"

man who kept the adjacent saloon "stood the racket."

A permanent Players' Club must be endowed, to escape these shoals and quicksands, and Mr. Booth and Mr. A. M. Palmer appear to have understood this. It should be opened as a place, not for a toot or a quiet nap, but for rational social intercourse, for edification and intellectual recreation. A rendezvous, a parlor, a study, a home, and a guild hall.

Prince Methusalem, on Monday night, was like the notes of a quadrille band blown across the Dead Sea. It came mainly on De Wolf Hopper's legs. I should say those voluminous implements supported the opera. Honestly, I don't think there was much besides.

Now, when a comic opera has to depend on legs (and when did you know of one that didn't?) I prefer them of the other gender—for

All the wit of the libretto that goes into this hopper comes out kicking.

It reminds you of the negro cook's observation when she was frying an eel—"Action, action, action."

But the opera in its slow unraveling brought the "Dotlet on the l" with it—one of the most peurile and therefore one of the most popular of topical songs. This spic of fun saved it to the populace, and could they have had their own way De Wolf would be singing it at this moment.

The Summer season atmosphere at Wallack's was pronounced. All the familiar faces were absent, save here and there a newspaper man tied to New York, or an actress waiting for an engagement. The rest of appreciation was lacking in the assemblage. They enjoyed the performance, but in a lackadaisical way.

It is needless for me to tell you that I was not enamored of it. Comic opera at the best is an order of entertainment for people who like fireworks, not for people who like fire, and Prince Methusalem does not rank very high either in music or in comedy.

I'd rather hear Strauss blown safely across Lake Mahopac or Greenwood Lake these cool Summer nights and picture the satin feet keeping time in a pavilion by the water's edge, than see Strauss on the stage.

But the crowd of fellows whose wives are out of town were all at Wallack's, and stood on the walk between the acts and shook hands and congratulated each other, and hoped the cool weather wouldn't drive people in from the watering places.

Speaking of fire, everything is burning down the bay—Rome, London, Moscow. The sky is lurid with flames every night. In outdoor amusements it is an era of conflagrations, and the showmen are at last painting the States Island towns red.

But it burns your sight a little—at least it does mine—and it is a positive relief to come back to the umbrageous quiet of Union Square, where not a sound is heard save a woodpecker tapping a hollow alanthus tree, and the occasional footstep of John Matthews, who is going down to the Morton House to get a drink.

Do I like this loneliness—this deserted death-like calm? Yes. So I take my table over in the Park and write, and then roll on the grass, for there is not even a policeman left to guard the dead season.

NYM CRINKLE.

About the New Gilbert and Sullivan Opera.

"While preliminary negotiations had been going on for some time," said Rudolph Aronson to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "it was not until last week that it was definitely settled that we should have the sole American and Canadian rights of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I cannot positively state that the date of October 22 is the correct one. I can say that the opera will be produced by three of our companies simultaneously in this country—one at the Casino, another at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and another at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on the same night it is produced at the Savoy Theatre, London. Besides the three companies here I shall put out a small company to play the opera in Canada.

"Now you will of course understand that I am not at liberty to say much regarding the work. Still I am able to deny the assertion that it is out of the usual Gilbert and Sullivan vein. It is a very funny piece indeed. I have heard the synopsis, and it's extremely humorous. I have also had word from Geraldine Ulmar, who will play the leading prima donna role in London, that the music is simply charming—the prettiest, in fact, that she ever heard from the pen of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Besides Miss Ulmar and Courtice Pounds, Mr. Grossmith and the regular company will appear in the opera over there. How I shall cast it here I cannot tell you until I get the parts. One thing I can say, and that is, there is a very good part in it for Francis Wilson.

"There have been many rumors afloat regarding The Oolah. The preparations for that work are now progressing, and it will surely be done at the Casino on the evening of Sept. 17, sans fautes.

The Casino is to send out three companies next season, each of which will present two operas. One of the companies, to be headed by Pauline Hall, will present Erminie and The Oolah. Another, with Fanny Rice as the feature, will have Nadjy and the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and the third will present Erminie and Nadjy.



ROSE LEVERE.

But a club that is to have any character is not a play-ground.

All the after attempts to more successfully blend the hilarity with practicality and dignity were total failures.

The Arcadian Club, which was a transcription of the Lotos, burst a blood-vessel in trying to be both formal and formidable at the same time. Its efforts to work through the fumes of conviviality to the serene respectability of an art establishment are among its most ludicrous incidents.

A late distinguished lawyer, who was a presiding officer, thought to add some of the reverential calm of an institute by getting up a reception to the venerable Peter Cooper and inviting the still more eminent Dr. McCosh to be present. But the committee on decorations for that occasion included the then-cursed but since conservative Montgomery Schuyler and some of his congeners, and they insisted that

Since those days the Lambs and the Mohican have risen and represent the two elements which tried to combine in the Lotos, and it has been a question for some time with the Lambs what to do to enliven itself, just as it has been a question with the Mohican what to do to suppress itself. And the Lotos, meanwhile, in the drowsy shadows of its own respectability, dozes and talks in its sleep and congratulates itself that nothing ever happens now, except Chauncey Depew.

There have been a score of attempts made to organize twelve o'clock clubs for musicians—not wholly Germanized—where vocalists, pianists, and all the tooting, tinkling and warbling brood could roost for a while at night after the theatres and concerts were over. None of them ever lasted over a year. Some natural process of disintegration set in after the first six months of "The Heart Bowed Down" and unlimited waltz rarebits, and the

at least half an hour. De Wolf Hopper's legs are gifted, but not refreshing. They entwine themselves about the furniture and things, but, unlike Belle Urquhart's, they do not entwine themselves in the public's heart of hearts, so to speak.

De Wolf is a humorous man in his way; but it is an extempore way. He is only funny when he is De Wolf. He has a minstrel's fund of humor that oozes all over the author's lines, like mayonnaise sauce over a cold potato. Unlimber him and let him cavort and he is like an overgrown boy in a boudoir, who immediately wants to write something on the wall, and tie something to the cat's tail.

Francis Wilson set this example of spontaneous and graceful cussedness, and comic opera in America owes more to it than it owes to Strauss or Sydney Rosenfelt.

The humor of Prince Methusalem is the humor of interpolated demeanor and artesian gag.

"The censure of the which one must—

8th. That untutored readers are almost certain to strike a higher key in reading than that of their ordinary tone. This is a fault that little attention will, in most cases, readily correct. An easy way to make sure of striking a natural tone is to preface what one is about to read with one or two extemporaneous sentences, and then to go directly from one's o-

No other one thing so quickly betrays novice as fidgeting, and fumbling, and trying to hide the hands; and no other one thing do so much to make one appear to be master of the situation, and to make one's bearing dignified and pleasing to the eye as—repose.

If you would learn what not to do, observe our younger actors—especially those that come to us from England. They—some of them

at | well for five years.

How do I account for my prosperity? Easily—I always keep faith with my audience. Do that and find

Success, the mainstay of all business, is sure to follow.

The Giddy Gusher.



If any one can suggest an attachment—an anodyne or preventive—to attach to a dog to break him of eating shoes and boots, will he or she please forward it to the Gusher? Around the halls of dazzling light occupied by the subscriber you can find hooks and shingle-nails galore. These are there for the purpose of suspending all foot-gear when it's out of use.

Guests are usually informed before taking their clothes off, that Mr. Perkins is a setter addicted to a diet of Oxford ties.

There are nights when I go to bed in a hurry, under an impression that the bed is trying to run away; and on those occasions the hooks are neglected and the shoes reach the floor—a sad occasion, I assure you, for that's the end of 'em. Perkins breakfasts early on an indigestible boot-heel and scraps of patent leather.

Monday morning was a wild one *chez moi*. A wall came up the corridor from Eleanor Morrell. "Some one has carried off my boots!"

Simultaneously a cry came from the next room, and Madame Ponisi held up a shoe, half gone.

In an instant I thought of my own pedal gear, and sprang up. The shoe-drawer had been left open, and Perkins had fed; some villainous instinct had led him to select one of each pair, and a boot, a low shoe, and a slipper mourned its mate.

Later is the day a sad-eyed woman appeared in a New York shop, wearing one Oxford and one Louis Quinze slipper. The fact that one was black-kid and the other bronze added a keener pang to her misery, perhaps, but she is learning that the lesson of life is one of sorrow. Dick (who is a railroad man) brought over to-day a superannuated tin ticket-box, with a slot in the top and a padlock on the side. This he recommends as a boot and shoe repository, and it has been accepted and gone into immediate use in most of the rooms.

As we sat on the piazza that evening the conversation turned on the mournful event of the morning, when Perkins went through our effects, and numerous were the anecdotes his exploits elicited.

Edwin Forrest once told Madame Ponisi of his adventure with a boot-chewing dog. It was when he was very poor that he shared his hard fate with Brutus, a fine, fond retriever. An engagement was offered him while in Cincinnati to play in Dayton, and the embryo eminent accepted it. Alas! railway fares were not provided, and all the sleepers his contract called for he found under the rails as he footed it from Cincinnati to Dayton in company with Brutus. Footsore and weary the actor and his dog reached a boarding house and a bed, and Forrest slept sound and dreamless you may be sure. But a horrible sight met his eye as he commenced to dress next morning. Brutus had feasted on his left boot; there was little more than the straps and heel left, as evidence that he had ever had a left boot.

This was not the era when a strapped actor could brace a box-office and ask for an advance. There was always an obtainable chance that the ghost would refrain from pedestrian exercise at the close of the week, and certainly no inducement for its taking the air so early in the engagement.

Forrest knew all this. Not till the following Monday could he hope for boots, and his pride suggested an excuse for his bootless condition. He unpacked a russet sandal that enclosed his mighty foot in the Gladiator. He vowed he had sprained his ankle leaping from the car on its arrival at the Dayton depot. He went lame till salary day, and wore his sandal with a limp till he clutched the stamps to buy a new pair of boots—seven troubled days.

Virginia Buchanan began to laugh as she told of a much worse predicament her father had once been in. He was on tour, and sending his trunks on, he went to spend Sunday with his wife and daughter, equipped with a hand satchel and the suit of clothes on his back. Mother and daughter went to church and returned at noon to find the tragedian in bed.

"Why, this is simply dreadful," said Mrs. Buchanan; "twelve o'clock and you are not up yet."

"You can't expect a man to get up without his trousers, can you?" growled the bed-ridden sufferer. "Look at my pants."

They tried to, but there was so little left to look at that the invitation seemed thrown away. The favorite house dog had ribbioned those trousers, and as McKean Buchanan was a very tall man he laid in bed most of the day, while a village tailor lengthened a pair in his stock to fit the requirements.

Will Elsbre related his adventures. He had been off one warm day for a stroll, taking a pet bull-dog as companion, when he reached a quiet bend in the river far from the haunts of man, and concluded to take a swim. Grip was in the distance interested in the track of a mole; so while his back was turned Elsbre stuck his umbrella into the ground and grouped his raiment round it. Having erected this monument to the cardinal virtues, he shouted to Grip to come watch the wardrobe, and took a header into the water. Grip trotted up, recognized his duty, and sat down on a shirt like a girl on the Casino roof, determined not to leave till the show was over. Elsbre had a noble swim, and clambered out to dress. Not much! Grip had no acquaintance with his master in that condition. He refused to recognize the voice and gestures of the distracted bather. Every time Elsbre got within ten feet of him the hair on Grip's back rose in a straight line. His teeth became the most prominent features of the landscape, and a curdling growl probed the adjacent air.

For one mortal hour did Elsbre coax and cajole the beast, till getting desperate he began to throw stones. Grip deserted his post to take a short run, and Elsbre seized his pants, only to find that the agile animal had whipped back and got a death grip on one leg of 'em. Elsbre pulled, and the dog hung on. Of a sudden they parted, and Grip flew over the hills with the entire half of a pair of gray pants.

Consternation reigned in the Elsbre family when Grip landed on the piazza with the leg of gray trousers in his jaws. There was Will's notebook in the pocket; there was his knife; there was his cigarette case. Lamentation rent the air. As Grip had the trousers, a son and brother was gone—nothing left but half his pants. Then a search for the body was made, that resulted in finding young Elsbre on a sand hill trying to make an off leg of trouser out of his coat sleeves.

After this Julia Percy related the life and times of Puck. Puck was a tiny skye terrier the Gusher once gave her, and it inherited the slipper-slaughtering boot-butcherer in stincts of its mother and father. Mrs. Percy and Puck on one occasion journeyed to Newton Falls, and the lady's vacation was filled with anxious care. Her room opened on a piazza that girdled the house, and on an average Puck plunged through the window lugging some one's boot or shoe half a dozen times a day.

The worry of returning property and the excitement of the chase kept the lady up in G most of the time. But Puck's prowess as a catcher of mice atoned for his depredations. In the next room to Mrs. Percy stopped a venerable couple, who seemed to be idiots on the subject of mice. They would rap on the wall and shriek for Puck as they climbed on chairs and waited for the small champion to come and collar a mouse the size of a chestnut.

One day the old lady was ill, and the old gentleman went to a bureau drawer to get her a clean cap, when he spied a mouse in the corner of it, and hastily shutting it, sounded the usual battle cry of "Puck! Puck!" In rushed the vigilant, and the old man carefully opened the dreadful drawer, and in plunged Puck.

"Shake it up!" shouted the old man. Julia stood on a chair with gathered skirts, and cried, "Sick him!"

But it was a sick her when Puck emerged, for he had torn the false front of the invalid into 20,000 hairs, and Ma laid abed while Pa took some of the "mouse" up to Helmer and had another toupee made before she could enter polite society.

Sidney Rosenfeld then told of Spider and the late convulsions in his peaceful home. Spider is a bull-dog, but a bull-dog of such a languid, cataleptic nature, that he gradually got himself despised for his gentleness. Sidney, the other day, between the verses of a topical song, addressed himself to the dog, and anathematized his milk-and-water character.

"You are a doglet that's a blotlet on your race," said he. "There's no fightlet in your makelet; there's no bloodlet in your eyelet, despite the dotlet on your eye."

And Spider got up and went out to the barn, and engaged in an encounter with a big mongrel retriever, and licked him, and got a taste for gore, and ran amuck through Yonkers eating dog.

This unexpected change of base kept the Rosenfeld family busy. Spider is at last around; he's fighting everything. Mrs. Rosenfeld took a meek and lowly follower of the Lord out to air him after the family horse, followed by the family dog Spider.

They journeyed to a neighboring village, and the parson was speaking instructively of the work of St. Paul in Ephesus, when Spider clinched with a yaller dog. The velps brought, as usual, recruits from all directions. The parson got out and broke up the carriage whip. Mrs. Rosenfeld got out and sought to grasp Spider's tail. The natives gathered, and they reviled the parson for coming over there to have dog-fights. Finally, torn, bloody, but victorious, Spider abandoned his victim, and went behind the chariot-wheels

home, a disgraceful spectacle of the triumph of brute force.

Mrs. Rosenfeld wants a recipe to make Spider return to the pristine amiability that animated him before Sidney roused his spirit; and I want a cure for boot-chewing before it gets too cold to go barefoot.

While on the subject of dogs I want to acknowledge the receipt of a picture of Mr. Courtney Thorpe (the well-remembered lead of Rosina Vokes' company) and his three beautiful Blenheim spaniels. When he visits this country again—as we all hope he will—if he will only bring those dogs and let 'em visit me, how happy I shall be.

Again let me ask some one who sent me the pictures of three splendid Newfoundland dogs, sitting in a row, to write me some particulars. In a dilapidated condition, with no accompanying information, I received them the other day, with a three-months-old postmark on 'em. They are large spotted dogs, of the Newfoundland breed, I should think—a rear view of all them. And then the second picture; some one has called, and all three turn their heads over their shoulders and look directly at you. It's a fine picture, and they are a trio of dogs to be proud of. If this meets the eye of the donor let me thank him, and ask him for an address to which I may send an acknowledgment of indebtedness beyond this public confession.

A rumor has reached me that fills a long-felt want and my heart with joy. The handsome, gallant, noble Dr. V. M. Smith, of Syracuse, is going to send me a monkey. There can be no doubt of his gallantry and nobility—the monkey stands for that—and three female friends in that city have mentioned the gentleman in that pulverized tone of voice that indicates the fatal gift of beauty.

I have never seen him, but on every Syracuse-bound breeze I send a thought; for the man is indeed loved who contributes a monkey to the happiness of THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Gleanings of the Week.

Fred. Solomon, the comedian of the Casino company, has a young son weighing 13 1/2 pounds that will be just five weeks old to-day. It is Mr. Solomon's wish that the infant should in later years win as much renown as is at least accorded the father of his son. He will have the boy christened with that prayer. Unknown to its mother, he is going to steal the infant away from its home, bring it down to his dressing-room in the Casino, daub a big piece of grease-paint on its nose, rub its head in the make-up box, blacken its eyebrows, and otherwise deface it, so that its mother will never recognize it again. There is a great treat in store for young William Frederick.

Alexander Salvini, of the Madison Square Theatre, is said to be the most accomplished swordsman in the profession. He handles the foils with ease and grace, and his thrusts and parries evince the skill of the artist. He is about the only amateur swordsman in the city who affords the clever Professor Senac any particular amusement. On Saturday last Mr. Salvini and the Professor crossed swords for "sweet charity's sake" at the French national fete. The contestants grasped their foils and began the watch on each other's features at half-past six o'clock, and the large audience observed the bout with nervous interest. At seven o'clock Professor Senac had touched three times and Salvini twice, which was a decidedly good showing for the young actor, who fences in both the French and Italian styles. It is only because of this fact that he is able to offset Senac's continuous practice. The proceeds of the fete were devoted to the French Hospital.

Jacob Litt, the manager of the Milwaukee Academy of Music, is one of the many out-of-town managers who are delighted with their bookings. Mr. Litt rustled the pages of his date-book, and said to a MIRROR representative:

"I have been here three weeks, and I have nearly all my time filled except the month of October. I have the finest list of attractions, without a doubt, ever presented to Milwaukee audiences. In fact, there are nothing but the leading attractions booked. I open my house for the season on August 19 with Rice's Corsair. By the way, I have just had one of the biggest banners made announcing the opening that was ever gotten out in the city. It covers the entire building, and is attracting no end of attention."

"Regarding The Stowaway, all I can say is that I am very hard at work upon it, and that it will open its season at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on September 17. I have just closed with Schaefer and Maeder, the scenic artists at Niblo's, to paint the scenery."

According to the latest English advices, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pastor had a great day of it in London on the glorious Fourth. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moore had a large gathering of guests ready to meet them, and festivities were prolonged until late in the evening. An eminent American vocalist sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Miss Bonehill, J. H. Milburn and Mrs. S. Lane also vocalized. Of course Pong gave a "set-to" on the lawn. Two well-known exponents of the art of self-defence appeared before the guests, and punched each other unmercifully. The comedian, Arthur Roberts, acted as referee and time-keeper, but he could not be induced to put on the gloves with either the redoubtable Tony or Pong.

Gossip of the Town.



The above is a picture of Grace Huntington, a leading lady of considerable prominence. Her last engagement was with Herne's Hearts of Oak, with which she won many merited notices from the press wherever she appeared for her capable work. Miss Huntington will head a company of her own for the season of 1889, but for next season she is at present disengaged.

Arthur B. Chase is spending the Summer at Saratoga.

A. H. Canby arrived from England on Sunday by the *Umbria*.

E. D. Wilt, manager of the Pittsburgh Opera House, is in the city.

The Queen's Mate will open its next season on Oct. 1, in Chicago.

William West has been re-engaged for Edward Harrigan's company.

Mrs. Harry Leighton (nee Bernard) is rusticating at Lake View, N. J.

Emma Hagger has been engaged by Milton Nobles for the coming season.

Grandfather's Clock will be seen at the Bijou Opera House during the coming season.

Joseph Brooks has engaged Adele Belgarde as leading lady of Frederick Warde's company.

Adelaide Fitzalan mourns the death of her brother, who died last week from typhoid fever.

Harry Kennedy and wife are spending the Summer at their cottage in the Highlands of New Jersey.

Professor P. Grueling has been engaged by Harry Greenwall as musical director of the Grand Opera House, New Orleans.

Joseph Haworth, supported by Mark Lynch and William Haworth, will produce his new play, *Opium*, in Cleveland this week.

Louise Litta, the soubrette, arrived in the city from Chicago on Wednesday evening. She is stopping at the Hotel Dam.

C. W. Couldock will begin a starring season in Hazel Kirke, under the management of Charles B. Jefferson, about Nov. 12.

Massenet's *El Cid* will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, next season. Henry E. Hoyt has begun modelling the scenery.

George W. Leslie, of Roland Reed's company, writes THE MIRROR: "Your paper, like good wine, improves with age. I am never without it."

Charles E. Evans drafted from London on Tuesday that he had drafts for \$300 stolen from him in London. Payment on them was stopped at once.

G. W. Winnett, who will act as business manager of T. H. Winnett's *Passion Slave* next season, is spending the Summer on his farm in Long Island.

Fred. Stinson has been engaged as business manager for Julia Marloue. Mr. Stinson is a clever and industrious manager. He was six years with Mme. Modjeska.

Owing to the enormous quantity of new printing being prepared for the *Passion Slave*, it is doubtful if the season of the play will open as early as was expected.

Frederick Warde will add an adaptation of Schiller's *William Tell* to his repertoire the coming season. It will be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on Nov. 5.

Genevieve Reynolds, Helen Leslie, Louis De Lorme and Harry Hartzell have been engaged, while Charles Harris has been re-engaged, for Lotta's company next season.

The success of Nady at the Casino has induced the owners of the opera in England to decide on reproducing the Casino version at the Avenue Theatre, London, in October.

Frederick Warde opens his season under the management of Joseph Brooks at Buffalo on Sept. 24. R. E. Stevens has been engaged as acting manager. James Jay Brady will go in advance.

Imre Kiralfy has hit upon a novel advertising method in the shape of a monster balloon, tethered at Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, with the word "Nero" painted upon it in large letters.

T. Henry French is said to have concluded to shelve *The Silver King* for two seasons, at the end of which time an elaborate revival of the play will probably be given in the principal cities.

Frederick Warde was swindled out of a small sum of money recently by the alleged actor referred to in last week's MIRROR, who is going about asking for charity. Mrs. Augusta Foster is another victim.

Mrs. Frank E. Rae is spending the Summer with Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Fortescue, at their residence, *Evangeline Cottage*, Ocean Spray. Miss Rae is engaged for James A. Herne's Drifting Apart.

A number of English actors and dramatic and art critics recently played a cricket match against several London actresses. The game was said to be interesting, but the men were ungallant enough to win.

Mme. Coutelly has arranged with Mme. Outille Genée to star for fourteen Sunday nights at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, in German comedy, supported by a first class company, beginning on October 14.

Among the people engaged for the Parlor Match company, which opens its season at Providence, R. I., on September 24 are Hugh Mack, William Keough, Peter Randall, William Sullivan, Daniel Hart, Ollie Archmere, Helia Archmere and Mabel Stuart.

William R. Palmer, Jr., will act as treasurer of the Madison Square Theatre during Mr. McKever's absence in the country. Mr. Palmer has been engaged for next season as treasurer of the Columbia Theatre, Chicago.

Frank E. Aiken, who has signed with Edward Harrigan for leading business at the Park Theatre, has gone to Cape May, where he will spend the remainder of the Summer before rehearsals of *Waddy Googan* are called.

Uncle Tom's Cabin will be played at Asbury Park on the nights of August 2, 3 and 4. The company will include Laura Bart, Jennie Howard, Charles Foster, Eerie Pollock, Wash. Melville, Revel Germaine, and N. Montez.

Helen Lamont leaves town to-day (Thursday) for Nantasket to join Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald (Marie Stone) and Mr. and Mrs. Barnabee, of the Bostonians. Miss Lamont goes out next season as prima donna of the Stetson Opera company.

The Third Avenue Theatre is in a state of chaos at present. The interior is filled with scaffolding and workmen are engaged in every part of the house. Manager Jacobs thinks that when completed it will be artistically as fine a theatre as there is in the city.

Frank W. Holland, one of the partners in The Arabian Nights, arrived from St. Louis on Thursday. He will proceed at once to the engagement of ballet and supernumeraries, as well as the remaining members of the company needed for the production.

Mrs. E. L. Fernandez has been engaged by the National Republican Committee to go on a lecturing tour for the Republican Presidential candidates. She will tour the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana. She says she will be paid a salary of \$300 a week.

The new Peavey Opera House at Sioux City, Iowa, will open its season on Sept. 24. Work on the theatre, which cost fully \$125,000, is now completed. W. J. Buchanan has been selected as manager. W. W. Randall will act as the New York representative.

The Pauline Montegriffo Opera company will be unable to fill its dates, Manager Zoellner says, because the prima donna has broken her ankle. The company will begin the regular season about the middle of September, Miss Montegriffo appearing as Lady Courtwright in *Woman's Wit*.

The next will be the last week of The Keepsake at the Madison Square Theatre, as that will finish the four weeks' time allotted for its run. On the 30th inst. the four-act society drama, by Frank Harvey, entitled *Judge Not*, will be produced for the final two weeks of Miss Ellsler's engagement.

During the Paris Exhibition Boleasy Kiralfy and Camille Weinsbent, the French manager, who in conjunction with the former first brought *Around the World to America*, will have a novel open-air spectacle there. "Nothing Grecian will be called Roman," suggestively remarks Edmund Gerson.

Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, Baron Nordhoff, the German Consul, and other more or less distinguished gentlemen, occupied the proscenium boxes at the Casino on Monday night, and enjoyed the performance of Nady. At its conclusion they were escorted to the roof garden by Rudolph Aronson.

Blanche Walsh, daughter of ex-Warden "Fatty" Walsh of the Tombs, will appear as Desdemona at the Windsor Theatre on the evening of August 3, supported by the following amateurs: J. Gordon Emmons, Stanislaus Stange, B. R. Throckmorton, Boyd Everett, J. R. La Forest and Mrs. D. I. Childs.

May Wilkes, in Gwynne's Oath, will open her starring season at the National Theatre, Washington, on Sept. 3, to follow at the Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh. She will be seen at an up town theatre early in October. Rehearsals will commence in this city about the middle of August.

Harry Kennedy's *White Slave* will open its season on Sept. 3 in Washington. The company comprises Jenny Carroll, Maria Bates, George Dickinson, Jenny Bright, Charles White, Frank Drew, Charles Webster, James Tighe, and Thomas McCartney. W. H. Rowles will act as business representative of the company, while Pierce Jarvis will go in advance.

There was a piece of unpremeditated realism in *Nero* last Thursday night. Evelyn Smith, who took the character of Thirza in Henrietta Waltham's absence, threw herself with unnecessary force against Salinus' dagger, and received a severe wound in the right side. The audience was unaware of the accident.

John W. Ryckman, formerly manager of the Comedy Theatre in this city, arrived on Thursday last. Mr. Ryckman, who was always known as a vigorous, hard worker, is now the general manager of the Augusta (Georgia) National Exposition, to be held during October and November. He has displayed good generalship heretofore in the direction of these affairs.

A complimentary dinner was given in London by the Arts Club to Clement Scott editor of *The Theatre* and critic of the *Daily Telegraph* on Thursday last. The chairman was John L. Toole. Mr. Scott has devoted his pen to the service of the stage for twenty-five years, and deserves every tribute of respect that the members of the dramatic art can give him.

Alfred Thompson is busily engaged in making new designs for additional dresses for the banquet ballet of The Crystal Slipper, to be seen for the first time when the burlesque is produced at the Boston Theatre about Sept. 20. In this ballet the dancers will represent epergnes of flowers for the decoration of the tables. After the production of the piece in Boston, Mr. Thompson will take a trip to Europe.

Florine Arnold has nearly completed her company for the new comedy-drama, *Her Husband*. Among those engaged are Louise Muldener, Annie Brittain, George Reynolds, Thomas Meegan, Arthur Gibson and Charles Gibson. The initial production of the play in New York will occur at the Windsor Theatre on Sept. 24, and the tour will take in the whole country, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and South as far as New Orleans.

An interesting tournament is going on between the Altona (Pa.) managers respecting the relative perfections of their individual houses, and why each should claim the attention of combination managers in preference to the other. John Kastendike, of the Mountain City Theatre, has thrown the last lance in the shape of several affidavits from citizens of that city, who testify to the superiority of his house. It is a pretty fight all round, but as yet it has not assumed a very sanguinary aspect.

The Usher.



Mind him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Before the next issue of THE MIRROR appears it is more than likely that A. M. Palmer's name will be announced as the new manager of Wallack's Theatre. His present place of operations is too contracted for a man who, in every essential respect, is entitled to be termed the leader of our managerial guild. In Wallack's he would have a theatre worthy of his mettle. I should like to put on record a few predictions in the event of his acquiring it. I foresee that the name will be changed to Palmer's Theatre; that a large stock company will be engaged for the production of dramas of the best class; that the Madison Square company will be drawn upon when necessary, and *vice versa*; that that house will continue to be conducted on the lines of its present policy and still under Mr. Palmer's direction; that Mary Anderson, Mrs. Potter, and the Coquelin Hading alliance will be played as booked by Mr. Abbey, and the stock season will consequently not begin until late in the present year. But, of course, Wallack's has not yet come into Mr. Palmer's hands, and so the fulfillment of these predictions entirely depends upon the decision to be shortly arrived at by Messrs. Wallack and Moss.

It is still uncertain whether Mary Fiske's play, Philip Herne, will be seen or not at the Standard on August 20. The hitch arose when Mr. Duff wanted \$5,000 in advance from Mr. Hill to pay, as rent, over to the owners of the property. Mr. Hill said he was willing, but preferred to put the money into the landlord's hands himself. To this Mr. Duff objected flatly, on the ground that he would have no third party coming between himself and the owner. Mr. Hill then mildly suggested that the \$5,000 might find its way into some other avenue of expenditure, and this excited Mr. Duff's wrath. So the arrangement hangs fire.

The ways of the world are queer, but the ways of some of its people are queerer. One would have supposed that the wretched girl, whose misconduct drove her father to suicide, would seek to bury her miserable past and keep from public view until her sins had been forgotten, if not forgiven. But greed is not far removed from heartless mendacity, it appears. Unless lies prevail in a court of law, unless the damning testimony of honest people can be suppressed, unless the stain of a good man's life-blood can be washed away, the attempt of this disinherited creature to acquire a share of her father's property will fail as ignominiously and disastrously as it deserves to fail.

In traveling, professionals frequently encounter gross incivility from the servants of railway companies. A good many of these men misconceive their relationship to patrons, and assume an attitude to passengers which is intolerable. The "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" spirit permeating the ranks not only of railroad employes, but of many other classes of public servants, is the scourge of American travel. No doubt, civility is somewhat difficult for conductors, brakemen and porters under certain circumstances—their patience is sometimes severely tried by crusty and fractious passengers—but it's their business to be respectful within common limits just the same.

One reason why this species of discourtesy is so frequently found lies in the fact that nearly every sufferer thinks it's too much trouble to go to headquarters and complain. I don't. It's a bounden duty to sift such cases to the bottom. Generally, the railway companies will see that the offending employee is properly disciplined. The New York and New Haven road, over which I am a frequent traveler at this time of year, is very particular to impress the necessity for politeness upon its minor officials; but now and then some uniformed oaf will violate his instructions. The other day I had occasion to report a case of gratuitous incivility on the part of one of the conductors. Within a short time he appeared by the Superintendent's orders at my office and made an adequate apology for his misconduct. For the benefit of those who imagine that railway corporations are oolous in respect to matters of this sort, I quote the following from a letter subsequently received from Agent J. S. Schofield: "I thank you for the good service you have done this company in so promptly showing up the conductor's misconduct. He has been taught a good lesson, and I trust that he will not soon forget it." Take my advice: whenever you

have good grounds for complaint against a railroad employe, follow it up.

An erroneous impression has gone abroad that the Actresses' Corner articles in THE MIRROR are written by Mme. Selina Dolaro. Mme. Dolaro is an occasional contributor, and her sprightly articles are read with pleasure; but the *nom de plume*, Polly, covers the identity of another actress altogether. The *Sun* is not aware of the fact, however, to judge by the manner in which it appropriated for its fashion column on July 8 a portion of Polly's remarks on the thrilling subject of bustles that appeared in THE MIRROR on June 2, attributing them to Mme. Dolaro and presenting them in the guise of a reporter's conversation with that lady.

Actors and the Free-List.

THE MIRROR presents below the views of a number of our leading managers on the subject of extending free admission to actors.

J. M. Hill has pretty decided views on the courtesy due to actors from theatre managers. He was found in the *cafe* of the Morton House, and on the subject being broached, said:

"I think that actors have a certain right to enter a theatre free. I always extend the courtesy of the house to the profession. But that may be because I am different from others. I have no pocket in my shroud, and I don't intend to carry over any money to the other side. But giving seats to professionals is different from issuing them in the day-time, so that the actors can give them to the barber, the boarding mistress or to friends. If we know that the actor wants the seats himself, I give them to him, provided we can't sell them. Unless we know that he does want them for himself, and unless we feel sure that we can't sell them, it is our right to refuse. I have issued tickets, taken the numbers of the seats on them, and by scanning the occupants in the evening found that that they were not used by the parties to whom they were issued. I have never given seats to those parties again unless they have stated plainly to me that they were for professional friends.

"It is for the above reason that the plan of having actors send for seats in the day-time, enclosing stamped envelope, or any other scheme of a similar kind, including the sending of cards to be stamped at the box office—said stamped card, for instance, to entitle the holder to seats when he comes in the evening so that the paying public need not be inconvenienced—is impracticable. The only suggestion in the matter that I can offer is that the manager of every organization on the road should give the members of his company a card to the theatre, and guarantee that the ticket would be used by the individual who applies for seats, and not by an outsider."

C. H. McConnell, the Chicago manager, who is at present in the city, said:

"The giving of free seats to a professional is never a right. It is always a matter of courtesy. Can an actor go to a hardware store and buy an oil-stove for nothing? Then why should they get something for nothing at a theatre? As a courtesy we give him seats—as a right never; and the actors will find, on thinking the matter over, that such a star is not the correct one for them to take. Especially is this the case in the summer. If all the actors in large cities during the summer months were furnished seats, there would be but little room for the general public."

Col. John A. McCaull was seated quietly in front of Wallack's Theatre when a reporter of this paper ventured to ask his opinion upon the subject.

"I think," said he, "that actors have a right to free admittance to the theatre during their summer leisure, for it is calculated to improve them artistically. I don't know people better entitled to the privilege, or more in need of it. I made it a rule to pass in every 'jay' who presents his or her card, or in fact any one's card, if it is only for the pleasure of hearing them say as they go out: 'Oh, but you'd ought to see me in that part!' Besides, they're a positive benefit, too, in the summer. Their frigidity helps to cool the theatre."

"I consider it their right, and I believe that the actor who asks for admittance at a theatre ought to carry a gun, and that the first man who stops him should be shot on the spot. If he can't get in any other way, he ought to carry a crowbar and force his way in, for, to tell you the truth, I consider a burglar and a summer deadhead on the same footing."

"What do you think of the idea of actors asking for seats in the day-time or sending requests by mail?"

"Let him come up in the evening. It gives the lobby a business air. Let him stand in the line, shove in his card, and tell the box-office man a story; that's the kind of an actor that always gets in—next week. I've a standing appointment for all those fellows—two o'clock next week. They don't annoy us—not a bit of it. We like them. The kind we appreciate are the variety actors, who ask for a box on the same evening that a man like Edwin Booth pays for a seat."

E. E. Rice was the next manager visited.

"I don't believe in deadheads of any kind," said he; "deadheads don't pay salaries. I have always passed professionals as a matter of courtesy, and have invariably found a large proportion of the actors thus favored appropriate many things which were original in the pieces they witnessed. I have given several professional matinees to allow the profession

to witness my productions, and I shall continue to do it. At the same time I must say that, while some descend to such measures as the purloining of original ideas which they are enabled to see through my courtesy, the better part of the profession would not be guilty of such business. As a matter of fact, I do not see why professional people, who have always received good salaries from me, should come to my theatre and demand seats for nothing, knowing the enormous expense I am under to lift my curtain at each performance. At any rate, the very least they can do is to apply for their seats in the morning. When they do this at night they invariably keep paying people waiting."

"I always extend the courtesy of the house to actors whenever it is in my power to do so," said Manager A. M. Palmer to the inquiry of a MIRROR reporter. "I have never had any bother about it, either. It is very easy for some people to be bothered with anything. If they are never bothered with anything more serious than that I don't think life can be much of a burden. For my part I am satisfied to have them whenever I can furnish them with seats. In my opinion they are entitled to the first courtesy of the theatre."

Manager T. Henry French was seen at his office in West Twenty-third street. "The rule of the Grand Opera House," he said, "is this: Pass people whom we know are professional people and none other. We have been connected with the theatrical business for several years and are fortunate enough to know the greater portion of the profession. We do not recognize box-office stamps or any cards, no matter by whom presented. Now I would like to say a word regarding the letters of certain people who were refused admittance to the Grand Opera House some time ago and who wrote complaining of it. In relation to that letter I would only state that Mr. Matthews simply obeyed my instructions, and that I would never have passed the people or allowed them to go in to see the entertainment on Mr. De Belleville's or anyone else's card. When we are called on by professionals whom we know we give them the best seats in the house. Those we do not know go in on no account whatever. I think that the same rule applies to the Broadway Theatre. The suggestion that seats be sent for in the day-time as one calculated to save trouble and annoyance does not apply to me. I should think, though, that that would be the best way for the managers of the Broadway houses, who are at the theatres in the daytime. I am at my theatre during the day, and at night I am almost sure to be found at the theatre."

Daniel Frohman had just come in from Stamford, when the representative of this paper dropped in at the Lyceum Theatre.

"We have no regular rule at this theatre," he said. "We admit all reputable members of the profession merely as a courtesy, if it does not actually cost us money to do so owing to the condition of our houses. The annoyance which attaches to this license is the demands made by actors at night when the box office is busily employed with the paying public. In such cases it is sometimes inconvenient to render this courtesy. It is much more convenient for actors to call in the daytime, because then the demands can be acceded to or refused according to business, but I am always willing to admit in general an actor to see any of the performances. Whenever any trouble arises in respect to this question at this house it is always attributable to the applicant when his demand comes at an extremely inauspicious moment."

"My rule at the Casino," said Rudolph Aronson to a MIRROR representative, "is this: With the exception of stars, we object to the free admission of any professional who has not a written order from his manager or from the manager of the theatre in New York at which he is playing, provided the company is here. If they come in the evening without such order and make personal application at the box-office, they are made acquainted with this rule. When application is made in the daytime, and business admits of it, and the order is enclosed, we send the seats. If not, the applications go in the waste-basket. Those are our rules, and they must be followed by those of the profession who wish to obtain admittance. It may be a little trouble, but we are conceited enough to think that the performances at this house are worth it."

James C. Duff was seen at the business office of the Standard Theatre. "We have no rule here whatever," he said, "and the matter of giving seats to professionals for the Standard is left to our discretion. I think, though, that applications should be made in the daytime to receive response, though these things depend in great measure on the amount of business being done. For the Standard Theatre I think I may say that applications must be made by letter, and if the business permits it and the parties are known, the requests are usually granted. There is no free admittance at night to professionals, however, unless in special cases."

Frank W. Sanger had just run in from Long Branch, and looked bronzed. When questioned by THE MIRROR representative, he said: "Whenever actors apply by letter, and we have room, we always admit those members of the profession who hold responsible positions—in other words, the reputable members. When they come in the evening we do not admit them unless they are well-known professional friends. It is not our rule, however, to admit such, and we use our own judgment in the matter. If we have not the room to admit the professionals who apply in the daytime, we send word to that effect."

Before leaving for England, Mr. Price, manager of Richard Mansfield, called at THE MIRROR office, and spoke in reference to the letter of complaint from James C. Harvey, of Frank Mayo's company, recently printed in this paper.

"It is quite probable," said Mr. Price, "that the facts stated by Mr. Harvey were correct, although I do not recall the circumstance. During Mr. Mansfield's engagement at the Madison Square we were besieged by actors, and aside from the professional matinee of Dr. Jekyll, admitted an average of forty at every performance. Sometimes when the applicants were entirely unknown to me, and had not even a printed card in proof of their identity, I declined to give them seats. On other occasions I had to refuse requests because the house was full. I do not think any manager or actor was ever more courteous in extending hospitality to members of the profession than Mr. Mansfield; but, of course, we could not give tickets to every stranger who applied, although I usually erred on the side of leniency. If reputable actors would send written requests with stamped and addressed envelopes in the daytime, or if possible, a couple of days ahead, we would always be able to take care of them."

In the Courts.

IT WAS SETTLED BY DEATH.

The contest over the production of Theodora, between the Franco-American Dramatic Agency and Joseph L. Cunniff, manager of the late Lilyan Olcott, was ended by the death of the actress. The suit has been discontinued.

The litigation had been pending for several years. The claim on the part of the actress was that her manager had made a contract with the agency for the exclusive right to produce Theodora in this country.

When Sara Bernhardt came here, however, she produced the play, which proved disastrous to Miss Olcott, whose business was greatly injured. She then refused to make the payment of royalties as provided by the terms of her contract with the agency. The latter thereupon instituted proceedings in the Supreme Court and secured an injunction restraining Miss Olcott from producing Theodora until the dispute could be finally settled.

MR. GOTTHOLD'S EXTRAVAGANT PURCHASE.

Mr. Black and J. Newton Gotthold are both members of the profession. Mr. Black was the owner of a play which he called The Lone House on the Bridge. He made an arrangement to sell it to Mr. Gotthold, and one hundred dollars was the price agreed upon. Mr. Gotthold received the drama and paid five dollars on account. As Mr. Black never received the remainder of the stipulated price, he sued Mr. Gotthold in the Fourth District Court before Judge Steckler to recover it.

Mr. Black testified to the terms of the sale, and stated that the play had been produced throughout the country by Mr. Gotthold under the name of Michael, but when he demanded the balance of the money he was treated with contempt by the manager.

Mr. Gotthold did not appear to defend the suit, and a judgment was accordingly entered against him for the amount due under the sale.

MR. GILLETTE'S CLATTERING HOOPS.

William Gillette, author of Held by the Enemy, has what he calls "the horse effect" in that drama, which was invented by him, and therefore he claims the exclusive right to use it. He accuses Edwin Atwell, author and manager of His Lordship, with having adopted the appearance in that play.

Mr. Gillette, through his counsel, Hart and Price, has instituted proceedings in the Supreme Court against Mr. Atwell, for the purpose of establishing his right to the name of his play, and to restrain the latter from using it.

MANAGER HILL WINS A SUIT.

Judge Ingraham in Supreme Court chambers has confirmed the report of the referee finding that Edward J. Woolsey is indebted to Manager James M. Hill in the sum of \$3,478.24, as a balance due for four weeks' rent of the Union Square Theatre, at the rate of \$1,000 per week, to give English performances there, which was produced by W. H. Sterling.

Mr. Woolsey guaranteed the payment of the rent, and he will be required to make good the before-mentioned balance owing to the failure of Sterling to account for it.

A MOTION DENIED.

Hugh Fay has a suit in the Supreme Court for a dissolution of his partnership with Nelson Waldron and William H. McGilben in the management of the play, The Light on the Point. For the purpose of securing some information which might benefit him, Mr. Fay recently obtained an order for the examination of Charles Seymour, the manager of H. R. Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre. An effort has been made to have this order vacated, but Judge Ingraham has denied the motion.

THE THALIA THEATRE LITIGATION.

Judge Ingraham of the Supreme Court has under consideration the question as to whether or not the injunction which William Kramer, proprietor of the Thalia Theatre, recently obtained, restraining Gustave Amberg, the lessee, from permitting Manager H. R. Jacobs to give English performances there, shall be continued until the suit to settle the matter can be finally tried.

Ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer argued the case for Mr. Kramer, and A. H. Hummel opposed the motion. It was claimed that under the terms of the lease to Mr. Amberg he was especially prohibited from giving any performances in any language other than German, and was forbidden to assign or sub-let the lease. The ex-Judge urged that by having sub-let the theatre to Manager Jacobs Mr. Amberg had undoubtedly violated the terms of the lease. He insisted that the performances contemplated were expressly prohibited by the lease, and that the cheap admission prices to be charged would have a tendency to damage the future of the theatre.

Mr. Hummel took a different view of the controversy, contending that the lease did not forbid the giving of English performances. He stated that Mr. Amberg had not sub-let the lease, but had simply made arrangements with Manager Jacobs to allow the latter to run the theatre during the heated term. He presented affidavits in support of his contention. The Judge reserved his decision.

AN EFFORT TO BREAK FRED MARSDEN'S WILL.

The will of Fred. Marsden is to be contested by Blanche E. Marsden. Royal S. Crane, counsel for that young person, filed objections to the probate of her father's will and codicil on Tuesday in the Surrogate's Court. She objects to both his will and codicil.

On May 5 last, a short time before Mr. Marsden committed suicide, he executed a codicil to his will, by which he disinherited his daughter because of her immoral conduct. She contests the validity of both papers upon the ground that they are not his last testamentary papers, nor were either of them his free and voluntary act. The daughter charges that her father was not of sound mind and memory when he executed these papers, and that they were procured by fraud practiced upon him by his wife, Fannie M. Silver, or some other person acting in her behalf. She declares that neither will nor codicil were properly executed. It is not at all likely that the contest will be heard before the Fall.

AN ACCOUNTING WANTED.

A. M. Palmer, who is the receiver of the property and effects of Bartley Campbell, has through his counsel, ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer, instituted proceedings in the Superior Court against David F. Colville and Charles S. Webster, the executors of the will of Samuel Colville and Emeline Colville, L. Wesley Rosequest and E. G. Gilmore, with a view to obtaining an accounting from Manager Rosequest of the receipts and profits of the Fourteenth Street Theatre for the benefit of Campbell's estate.

Receiver Palmer avers that Campbell obtained from

Managers Colville and Edward G. Gilmore the lease of the Fourteenth Street Theatre for four years and three months from June 1, 1895, being the unexpired term of their lease of the property, which is owned by the late Bartley Campbell. Under the agreement which Campbell made at the time he took the lease, he agreed to pay \$17,000 for the good will of the theatre and also to pay the rental. The receiver wants the court to decide that Campbell's liabilities to Colville and Gilmore under the agreement of 1895, have been fully discharged. He demands an adjudication that he is entitled to have the theatre and all the property it delivered to him immediately, and that Manager Rosequest and Mrs. Colville be required to account for all moneys received and paid out by them since they have controlled the theatre.

It is said that when Colville and Gilmore transferred the lease to Campbell they held mortgages upon it in order to secure the payment of the \$17,000. At the time Campbell became insolvent in a sensational price at them \$1,500. Rosequest was then put in charge of the theatre to look after their interests. Rice was producing Evangelina at the theatre, and an agreement was made that out of the money paid by him every week a certain sum should be deducted and the balance used to pay off the debt due Colville and Gilmore. The receiver claims that this has been disposed of long ago, and therefore he insists that all the profits of the theatre since that date belong to the estate of the deceased playwright, and should be accounted for.

Obituary.

William Creswick, who died in London on June 19

from the effects of a fall, was seventy-five years old. He was one of the brilliant lights of the stage in England for close upon half a century, and was regarded as a scholarly Shakespearean student and critic. He was famed as a correct elocutionist, and privately taught some of the most eminent public speakers of England.

Mr. Creswick was born near Covent Garden Dec. 27, 1813. In 1834 he accepted a boy's part in a sensational piece at a small theatre in London. He then joined travelling companies in the Kent and Suffolk districts. In 1836 he was playing leading parts in the Queen, where he met Miss Paget, whom he afterward married. His debut in London took place in 1841 at the York Theatre, under Mrs. Nesbitt's management, as Horace Merdith in Douglas Jerrold's Schoolfellow. In 1846, in an unassuming building at Oxford, he called a lady, who was called Helen Fancit, and who was the daughter of Richard Marston, the scenic artist, in which they both afterwards became famous. He then returned to the York circuit, making a success in 1848. In April, 1849, he played on the opening of the Lyceum in the Silver Crescent, Lady Mary Montague and Dark Deeds, but the theatre was unfortunate and only ran a fortnight. Creswick then went to the United States and Canada for four years, making his first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre.

Returning to England he again played in the provinces. In 1854 he appeared in London at the Lyceum, where he played the part of Hamlet in Henry IV., and made a hit. In April, 1854, he supported Fanny Kemble at the Princess Theatre as Master Walter in The Hunchback. This was followed by a three years' engagement with Benjamin Webster, opening at the Lyceum, in which Helen Fancit was Pauline. In 1856 Mr. Creswick took part in the management of the Surrey, playing a round of Shakespearean characters for three years. In 1856 he played the part of Hamlet at the Theatre of True to the Core as Martin Tragedy. In 1857 he again visited America, playing at Boston with Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth. Then he came home with Samuel Phelps, and played at the Lyceum, Australia, opening at Melbourne as Virginia. After a successful tour he returned to the Standard Theatre, London. He took his farewell of the stage October 29, 1860, in a benefit performance, playing one scene from King Lear.

The MIRROR learns with regret of the death on the 5th inst. at St. Louis, of Mrs. Mary A. Thorpe, the wife of Marshall C. Thorpe, for many years its correspondent in that city.

Charles F. Knight, better known as "Yankee Knight," died at the Soldiers' Home, Augusta, Me., on the 10th inst., aged 49. He was a popular comedian, and had hosts of friends in the profession. Mr. Knight was a native of Hallowell, Me.

C. H. Thomson, an actor, formerly of W. J. Scanlan and Joseph M. Murphy's company, died at Paterson, N. J., on Saturday last at the age of 45. He was interred on Tuesday at Cedar Lane Cemetery, Paterson. He leaves a widow, known to the profession as May Thomson.

Mr. Wild and His Play.

John Wild and his manager, Frank Paul, were seen at the Sinclair House by a MIRROR reporter yesterday.

"We have secured the comedy, Running Wild, by Charles T. Vincent and Kenneth Lee," said Mr. Paul, "and we have contracted to open with it the second week in September in this State. We are also negotiating for a New York run. Out-of-town opportunities are plentiful in this city."

"As yet we have only engaged Miss St. George Husey to play the leading role, which seems to be made for her. Mr. Wild is quite enthusiastic over his own part. I'll tell you about it when I see him."

"D'Oily Float is the name of my character," said Mr. Wild, "and during the three acts it gives me opportunities to play an eccentric character, to appear in black face and do a drunken scene. No characters are pulled into pieces. There is a neat little plot, and complications succeeds complication. My part is that of an actor who aspires to be a playwright—is crushed—and goes to the point of assuming various disguises to gain his ends."

"One thing I would like to impress on the public's mind is, that I am not going away from my business. I am not going to leave the 'nigger,' nor the other characters in which the public has been pleased to receive me. A great many people think that I am going to leave high comedy. I am not foolish enough for that. I know that there is not a dollar in it for me. I have been for twenty-two years on Broadway, playing a certain line of characters, and I'm not going to leave it now. The piece is to be put on very neatly, and some scenery painted for it."

A Philadelphian's Enterprises.

Yesterday Manager W. J. Gilmore and his general representative, Charles H. Yale, both of Philadelphia, were in town. Mr. Gilmore said that he would put up a warehouse, stable and other buildings on the lots back of the Central Theatre, which he recently purchased.

"My principal object in getting that property," said he, "was to secure a back entrance, and to clear the theatre. Hitherto everything and everything connected with the stage had to come in by way of the front."

Mr. Yale spoke glowingly of the prospects of Mr. Gilmore's newest enterprise. "There are no temptations, which goes on the road the coming season."

"Mr. Gilmore hasn't spared any expense," said he, "to make the production both novel and elaborate. Four of the best scenic artists in the country are engaged. I spent a good deal of time abroad last season ransacking the English and continental theatres for ideas, and pretty nearly every thing in the production will be new and astonishing. There are new and sensational changes of scene, and tricks and papier mache marvels galore. No, our Twelve Temptations is not at all like the piece of that name brought out by Jim Fisk at the Grand Opera House years ago. Its only similarity lies in the title."

A Plucky Young Manager.

Duncan B. Harrison arrived in this city from Chicago on Saturday, having closed his season in that city on the Sunday night previous. Mr. Harrison has had an uninterrupted season of bad luck, as far as his physical being is concerned, and his friends are shocked when they look at him and listen to the recital of his misfortunes.

"I have had a frightful time of it," he said to THE MIRROR representative. "Last night I didn't get a wink of sleep, and to-day I must go to the doctor's office. My last accident was the worst of them all, and I will be lucky if I ever get over it entirely. The first accident I met with was at Louisville, where I had my hand shattered by an explosion of some compressed powder of poison tablets. There I lost my eye, and while with the Paymaster I broke my leg and arm at Kansas City, in making the dive in that play, the tank was not cut right, the pocket not being wide enough, and I hit the edge in such a way as to sustain a commensurate curvature of the spine."

"Still I'm alive, and have made \$7,000 clear on The Paymaster. At the Haymarket, in Chicago, I did the second largest week of the season, notwithstanding the hot weather. For the coming season I am working hard. Every bit of scenery will be entirely new. I shall open at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on August 20, and afterward come to New York, playing for five weeks at the various theatres. For the opening I shall take a train full of managers and newspaper people from this city to Philadelphia. I have already engaged for the company, which will be one of the strongest on the road, Thomas O'Malley, a Boston actor; Neil O'Brien, an Australian actor, and Annie Adams and daughter, of San Francisco. I also contemplate getting Eben Plympton for the leading part, and I shall give everybody a share in the shape of a leading lady, who is a well-known society belle. I have already thirty-seven weeks booked solid, in one, two and three weeks' stands, and I look as comfortably forward to a good season as I do to the fact that my grand-uncle will be the next President of the United States."

The Palmy Day Tragedian.



"The Summer days have come again, the saddest of the year," sighed the tragedian, as he gracefully wiped a bit of dust from his newly-ironed hat. The fat comedian with the Seymour coat evidently thought of something very funny, for a smile stole over his face, but whatever the gem was he heroically suppressed it, seeing that the tragedian had not finished.

"I am moved to these reflections," continued the friend of Forrest, "by the remembrance of a painful incident which occurred this morning as I was about to leave my hotel on the Rue de la Bleecker. However, it is but one of the many incidents, trifling in themselves, yet in the aggregate embarrassing, that come with each Summer's solstice."

The Lyceum School actor, who lives with his family and has not yet had an engagement, failed to catch the true spirit of these reflections, but the fat comedian and the man with the duster showed by the thoughtful cast of their countenances that the comedian had struck within them a responsive chord.

"I rise," said the man with asthma, "to a question of privilege."

"The member from the Pacific may proceed," said the tragedian.

"On the occasion of our last sitting—"

"Standing," interrupted the comedian.

"I accept the amendment. At our last 'standing' I recalled an incident of a performance of Maseppa at the old American Theatre, San Francisco, in 1854. A few days later I met my old friend McClosky at the Fund rooms. He congratulated me upon having got the incidents so perfect after so many years, and told me a part of the story which I had forgotten. C. R. Thorne (the elder) was the manager, and Jim Dowling (dead) was stage-manager. It was Dowling who pushed McClosky in front of the curtain while Lon Phelps was bowing his acknowledgments. When they got off Phelps wanted to thrash Mac, insisting that he had done it purposely. It seems that just at this time Mrs. Phelps was up the country on a tour, and Lon had made an impression upon a fair 'Friscon, whom he had in front nightly to witness his desperate ride and hand him an elaborate bouquet when he took his call. Phelps accused McClosky of showing him up and trying to make him ridiculous, and they didn't speak as they passed by for several weeks. 'I wouldn't have minded it,' said Lon, 'if my girl hadn't been in front.'"

"And my old friend, Jeremy Diddler, was right," said the tragedian. "No weapon so fatal to the soldier, the sage or the lover as ridicule."

"Right you are," said the fat comedian. "It was ridicule that drove me into comedy."

"Ridicule has much to answer for," said the tragedian.

The tall man with asthma rattled out a laugh; he was now quits with the comedian for a former thrust.

"Yes, sir," said the comedian, "I have always felt that nature intended me for a tragedian; but while amply endowing me with the requisite mental resources, she made my body too short."

"And your nose too long," said the tall man.

"I was all right in utility," continued the fat man, "but my trouble commenced when I reached the walking gents, and it culminated the following season when I tried the juveniles. I was with Garry Hough on the Michigan circuit at the time. We used to travel in wagons and show under canvas. I was as slim as a match, and didn't weigh over a hundred pounds. Hough got hold of some 'society' lady, who wanted to play Juliet. Like the most of 'em she was fair, fat, and anywhere from 35 to 50. I had to play Romeo with her, and I nearly got lost in her clothes three or four times. Everytime she embraced me I disappeared and the audience roared. Her performance was not very intellectual nor spirituelle, but when she fell on me in the last act in front of Capulet's tomb, I realized that what she lacked in mind she made up in matter. It seems that I had died on the trap in which we had had buried Ophelia the night before, and when Juliet struck me I doubled up and went through. It didn't make any difference with the play, however, as the audience couldn't have seen me, anyway, after she buried me. The next night we were doing The Hunchback. The star was the Julia and I was wrestling with Sir Thomas Clifford. We got along very nicely, until the last act, where Sir Thomas enters as my lord's secretary. She belched out her 'Clifford, why don't

you speak to me? in the old-time style. I handed her the letter, saying, 'A letter from my lord.' At that moment one of the mules that we used for hauling baggage, and which was tied to the wagon near by, let a series of unearthly brays out of himself that fairly shook the tent poles. When the echoes had died away Julia spoke her next line, 'Twas Clifford's voice it ever Clifford spoke.' The play ended right there, and I went into low comedy the next week."

"Alas! how true it is," mused the tragedian, "that the braying of a donkey is frequently more potent in shaping our destinies than the voice of conscience or the admonitions of friendship—which reflection calls to my mind a little incident not unconnected with my old friend, John Burke. The major has been many things in his day—actor, agent, manager, scout (at Erastina), author, lecturer, but first, and all the time, genial, big-hearted John Burke, whose eye could not wither nor custom stale. John's labors in the field of dramatic authorship are confined, I believe, to one youthful folly. It was in Buffalo, just one-and-twenty years ago. Those who now gaze in admiration upon John's massive, manly form, could scarcely conceive the slender stripling of 1867. It was near the end of the season, when John prevailed on Manager Carr to try his first and (I believe) last play. I have forgotten the name, but it is not material. Burke used to sit in the orchestra and observe the rehearsals. It was in the days when there was a nightly change of bill, and a daily rehearsal of the night's play; so new productions stood a poor chance. But John's faith was great, and so we began to evolve a little order out of his chaos, his confidence became a conviction. One thing caused us all sound uneasiness: the leading man (poor Dick Healey) had a very long part, and at the last rehearsal he didn't know a line. However, Dick assured the author that he would be all right at night, and told Burke that it was a great play—sure winner. On this assurance Burke went to the leading restaurant and ordered a supper for the entire company and members of the press, all of whom received a personal invitation."

"Well, sir, during my five-and-thirty years of professional life, I have officiated in different capacities at the births and deaths of many dramatic bantlings, but this still-born effort of Burke's aspiring muse was something entirely unique in my experience; and to add to the horror of the situation, Healey was 'blind'; he couldn't speak a line. How we got through that night has been a mystery to me ever since. Poor Dick was often given to the cup that cheers, but he had got far beyond the cheering point on that occasion. The performance was so dire that not one of us had the courage to meet the author or share his supper. He had been modest and unassuming, and we all felt a genuine sympathy for him. But the play, aside from Healey's dereliction, was so bad that we could not possibly have said a cheering thing to him, and so we all went quietly home. The critics left after the first act. But John remembered his obligations as a host, and going to the restaurant seated himself at the head of the table and awaited the arrival of his guests. In about thirty minutes a solitary figure loomed up in the door. It was Healey, full to the eyes. Dick steadied himself against the door for a minute, and then made a pass for the nearest chair; he missed it and fell across the table. Recovering and bracing himself against a chair, he threw an arm around Burke's neck, exclaiming: 'S'great play, John, s'great play—how 'g'l like my las' tact?' John placed him gently in a chair and then withdrew to a respectful distance and gazed at his guest. And there let us leave them," said the tragedian, "the author and his *bete noir*." In the abundant prosperity of after years, John can well afford to smile at this failure and to forgive the one who aggravated his sufferings. Dick was a great actor of the old school, but, like many of his fellows, his own worst enemy. Poor Dick has long since joined the silent majority, and last year his good wife met him on the other side. Let us shed a tear to his memory; but cast no stones, for none of us are without sin."

MILTON NOBLES.

A Good One for Goodwin.

We all know how famous Nat Goodwin is for his *bon mots* and stories. There are few better raconteurs in this country than he. This accounts no doubt for his popularity. It is not more than a century ago that, in the bosom of several congenial spirits, he "got off" the following unique tale:

"A couple of Winters ago I found myself and what remained of my company in the flourishing town of Roanoke, Va. Business was not of a booming nature, and this, combined with the extreme gaiety of the town, tended to weigh my soul down into the Slough of Despond. I must have betrayed the state of my mind in my face, for Sam, the colored waiter of the hotel at which I was stopping—I forget its name—invited me to a faro den he knew of in the town."

"I have never liked faro, but, thinking at the time that it would be a diversion, I accompanied him."

"After wading knee-deep alternately in mud and dust, which in that town appear to be very indigenous to the soil, we found ourselves within a seven feet high rookery. Several of my friend Sam's friends were present, and after introductions and divers expressions of admiration of me from them, we assumed our places, but before the game started, in stalked

a tall, heavy, black nigger, dressed to persecute. He was the barber of the village, and a very important person from his friends' point of view. 'How do, Goodwin, how do; glad ter see yer,' and he extended an enormous paw in my direction. I gasped and gasped. 'It has reached my years,' said he, with his heavy voice, 'that yer famus at this game, but I'll go yer.' I acquiesced, and we assumed our positions at the table, each with a pile of chips before him."

"All at once there was a rumbling noise, and Professor Tonsor turned his head aside and sneezed twice. In the interim seventeen several hands whooped down on his pile and severely decapitated it. When he looked back and noticed his pile's diminution he looked toward his fellow citizens calmly and said: 'Brethren, I notice that my pile has wisely diminished. I will turn round again and sneeze, and if my pile does not assume its original proportions, I will thereupon begin to carve.' He turned his head once more aside, sneezed, and it is unnecessary to state that the pile resumed its proportions."

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, July 5.

The rain is still with us, but in spite, or perhaps because thereof, much High Jinking, not to mention high drinking, has been got through. In other words, the anniversary of American independence has been religiously observed at several places—from Minister Phelps' down to Pony Moore's private (or public) house. Independence Day was also celebrated in grand style by the Buffalo Cyclorama company, John Hollingshead, formerly of the Gaiety, directing. The latter was a merry affair, starting at 11 P. M. with eating and drinking, and passing on to dancing and other forms of revelry, which lasted until—ah, well, never mind at what hour A. M. the celebrators sallied forth from "Niagara" in London, over against St. James' Park station. Suffice it to say, that at nine this morning Hollingshead and several of the other survivors might have been observed issuing from the Garrick Club; also, that with those survivors a brisk trade had been done in shoe-horns.

The invitation card which Pony Moore shed on all and sundry set forth that "Refreshments would be served from 3 P. M. onward," and "Fireworks at 11:30." Full details of the killed and wounded at this show have not yet reached me. Before I finish this subject I may tell you that the "Health and prosperity of the United States," coupled with the name of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, was drunk by yours truly at divers times and places during the glorious Fourth of July.

Willie Edouin and company's production on Saturday night was received with almost suspiciously enthusiastic plaudits by a crowded pit, but nevertheless contained much of a nature to make the judicious grieve over the title of the piece. Run Wild is more than usually appropriate. It is a domestic drama of the crude order of architecture, and the *dramatis personae* are for the most part extensively familiar to playgoers. Mr. Edouin represents a rich, retired tradesman, who has married an aristocratic wife and her aristocratic family. All concerned treat him very badly, but sufficient dramatic capital is not made out of the circumstances either by author or artist. So much for the first act. In the second, Edouin, having "left his home" for reasons which are not sufficiently obvious, seeks sympathy from his son, who has chambers in the Temple. The son, being a cad, is ashamed to introduce his father to his fashionable companions, who are, however, singularly cub-like and chuckle-headed, and commit more offences against good manners than the 'old tradesman, whose peculiarities they ridicule. But here again the strong points have either been slurred over or muddled, and only the weak ones have been insisted on. The plot of it is that all around it seems a case of putting square pegs into round holes, or vice versa. Willie Edouin is an accomplished low comedian, "instead of which," as the judge in the story says, they give him serious conventional clap-trap business to do (by way of pathos), and he does it seriously, conventionally, and clap-trappily. Alice Atherton represents an impossible young hoyden, with an Irish accent, an astonishing wardrobe, and a tiresome pet dog. It is a pity to see her talents thus wasted. The author of Run Wild (Mrs. E. Coffin) is evidently a novice in these matters, and she will do well in her next essay to take expert counsel. That she has ability is certain, but at present it is ability Run Wild.

Litigation seems to be rife among mums just now, as well as among journalists, jockeys, trainers and mere members of Parliament. Last week, just as I was mailing, Charles H. E. Brookfield, character actor, of the Haymarket, was being summoned for assaulting Augustus M. Moore, editor of the *Hawk*, a paper which succeeded the now defunct *Bat*. Moore, it appears, had, in an article contributed to the *Hawk*, referred to Lady Meux (widow of Sir H. Meux, of brewing fame, and formerly known on the stage as Val Rhyss), as having found the money for Brookfield's short and anything but merry season at the Haymarket two or three years ago. Brookfield's ire was roused, so calling a few friends around him, he went for Moore and

also for Moore's hat. When the case came on much amusing evidence cropped up, and finally Brookfield was bound over to keep the peace toward the Queen's illegals in general and A. M. Moore in particular. In his paper this week Moore reviews "Young Mr. Brookfield," with a sledge-hammer, so haply we may hear of further litigation anon. On the same day that this case was treated, Mrs. Brookfield presented young Mr. B. with a new baby, and Mr. Moore obtained a divorce from his wife, a *ci devant* chorister, who seems to have treated him very badly.

Moved perhaps by the above case and by the fact that Wood, the jockey, got a farthing damages last Friday, Arthur Roberts, the Nat Goodwin of England, went in for an appeal about an unauthorized version of a silly song called "The Accent On," which a firm had published as Arthur's own version. This time Arthur gained a victory and also a farthing. Whether he thinks of taking a theatre with the money has not been stated up to the time of mailing. Anyhow, this legal business over nothing in particular must have somewhat sweated the One Hundred and Five Pounds per week which Roberts is said to draw from the Avenue. More litigation is rife—to wit, a case between Arthur Goodrich, an actor-dramatist, and Miss Edith Woodworth (co-lessee with Edgar Bruce, of the Globe) for not producing his play as arranged. Knowing what I know of Goodrich's recent sufferings and roubles, I would advise him to pause awhile. Miss W. may be, nay is, a weak actress for the parts she undertakes, but up to now she seems an honest and well-meaning manageress.

Sorry am I to tell you that poor Gerald Moore, a really droll little light comedian, who was wont to score in Our Boys, and Mother-in-Law, is dying of consumption, and is, alas, in want. This is no fault of his own. The poor fellow lost all his money over an adaptation by "Moths" Hamilton of Der Krieg im Frieden, here called Our Regiment, but adapted on your side as The Passing Regiment. Edmund Smedley Yates, son of the *Worldly* Yates, is organizing a subscription for Moore at the Savage Club. I mention this in case any brother pro's in America who knew Moore might like to assist.

The version of The Scarlet Letter, which Miss Calhoun has been running at the Royalty, has received notice to quit. I fancy Miss C. will also depart at the same time. She talks, however, of bobbing up serenely later on at one of the innumerable new theatres I named to you last week. Toole finishes with The Don at his theatre on Saturday, and on Monday hands the house over to Lionel Brough, who puts on a recently weighed-and-not-altogether-found-wanting farcical comedy, The Paper Chase. Howard Paul tells me that he has been asked to manage the new Alhambra which is being built at Brighton. He was at one time manager of the London Alhambra, you know.

Berbohm Tree finishes (*pro tem.*) with The Pompadours at the Haymarket on Saturday week, when the house will close until September, reopening with perhaps a few weeks more of The Pompadours (which has really caught on financially), and then will put on Captain Swift, a strong Australian drama, by a mere youth named Haddon Chambers. The play was tried at a Haymarket matinee the other day with great success, and before the curtain fell Charles Overton had secured the American rights.

Hercat, a wizard and humorist, who is not wholly unconnected with New York, and one who, sir, holds you and THE MIRROR in the highest of high esteem, is about to blossom forth (in partnership with Clement Smith, the theatrical printer), in the magical line here. I suppose Hercat will exchange his American accent for a Hibernian one, and call himself The O'Hercat.

Your Joseph Arthur, of The Still Alarm, which play goes on at our Princess's presently, has sent me sweet souvenirs (such as memorandum books bound in ivory) of that fire engine drama.—Kate Vaughan, dancer and actress, goes on tour ere long with a new drama called Love and Honor, adapted from Alexandre Dumas' son, by Campbell Clarke.—The Dalys have been doing far better business of late. They will now run The Taming of the Shrew at the Gaiety until the last week of their stay, when Nancy and Co. and A Night Off (right merrie plays both) will go on for three nights each.—W. S. Gilbert gave another matinee for Mrs. Julia Neilson to appear in at the Savoy yesterday. This time he selected his fairy drama, The Wicked World, which years ago, you know, he himself burlesqued under the title of The Happy Land, and the pen name of Latour Tomline. If, as rumor asserts, Gilbert intends to dramatize George Eliot's Romola for Julia's use, he ought to let her practice on more intense dramatic fare than his own heroines, nice as they are. I make him no charge for this suggestion.

Among the new plays promised soon are the following: First, The Balloon, a farcical comedy by George Manville Fenn (novelist) and J. H. Darnley (actor); second, One Hundred Years Ago, an al-fresco one-act comedy which Alec Nelson (otherwise Dr. Aveling) has written

for Mr. and Mrs. Edouin, for prompt production at the Strand by way of curtain-raiser, and, third, A Lesson for Landlords, a "rustic absurdity," which is to be tried at a Strand matinee next Tuesday. Report says that this is rather "blue." But perhaps that rumor is set afloat in order to draw a full house. We shall see.

Ellen Terry (whose daughter, "Ailsa Craig," made a not too brilliant debut as an actress the other evening) takes her benefit at the Lyceum on Saturday night. That is the last night of Irving's season. No doubt he will as per usual make a speech foreshadowing his future movements. I prophesy that Macbeth will be the chief feature when Henry and Ellen return. Meanwhile, on Monday, the great Sara Bernhardt will present La Tosca at the Lyceum, by way of starting another short season under M. Mayer. This will be Mayer's twentieth French play season in London. Soon we may expect to see Richard Mansfield at the Lyceum with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, etc., but Bandmann will, it is thought, steal a march upon Mansfield, and will put on Jekyll, etc., at the Opera Comique. If Mansfield needs any consolation over this he may find it in the fact that Bandmann could hardly have chosen a worse house.

GAWAIN.

"Nein."

By a basket of oranges Gretchen stands—
Takes she the fruit in her dainty hands,
Breaks she the gold with her gleaming teeth,
Lays her red lips to the amber beneath,
For the juice of an orange is nectar fine,
Does she care for the rind? Says Gretchen, "Nein."
Many men look at her, Gretchen fair—
Takes she them so in her woman's snare,
Breaks she their hearts and their hearts' repose,
Quaffs at and laughs at the red blood that flows,
For the love of a lover is dainty wine,
Does she care for the man? Says Gretchen, "Nein."

E. V. S.

Mr. Carleton's Season.

William T. Carleton arrived in the city last Thursday night from Cincinnati. He looked the picture of health. His ruddy complexion and elastic step gave a positive denial to the recent rumor that he was the victim to rheumatism.

"I never felt better in my life," said Mr. Carleton to a MIRROR representative, "and at the very time the rumor reached me—that I was slowly dying from rheumatism, or, rather, that I was a total wreck from it, I was making a big jump of some ten or twenty feet in one of the operas every night. You want to know about the season of the Carleton Opera company? It has been an exceedingly good one. I don't intend to say there were no losing weeks, because that would be folly. There are managers who come in and tell these stories, but you can generally receive their stories with many grains of salt. Taken as a whole, though, the season, particularly in the West, was more than good. So well satisfied was I with my experience that I shall fill the coming season almost entirely West of the Missouri River, by this means escaping blizzards, etc. While you were enjoying your little blow here last March, I was picking roses in Los Angeles, Southern California, and during the whole of that season we only saw snow twice, and that was on the Sierra Nevada when we were crossing them."

"It is my intention now to rest at the seashore for a while, and then I shall endeavor to make a hasty trip to Europe and spend the balance of the Summer there. I shall open my next season at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 17, with an entirely new opera by the composers of Erminie, Harry Paulton and Jakobowski, the title of which has not yet been decided upon. The subject of the opera is an historical one, and the period the fifteenth century. This gives us a splendid opportunity for the use of Spanish and old Holland costumes and some very picturesque scenery. The music of the work, by Jakobowski, is fully equal, in the opinion of many, to that of Erminie. The character I shall play is the leader of a patriotic secret society, and the main fun and the situations of the opera result from the constant arrest of others whom I in due to assume my role."

"The Carleton Opera company for next season, with one or two exceptions, will be the same as the last. Besides the new opera I shall produce The Queen's Lace Handkerchief, for which I have secured the rights for all the principal cities and States. In addition to these two works I shall play the old repertoire. My time is all booked up to March, later dates being kept open for a long Metropolitan engagement. I shall make my first appearance in New York since the original production of Nanon at the Casino three years ago, the week of Oct. 8, at the Grand Opera House."

The rumor published last week to the effect that Forepaugh and Connelly were behind in the payment of rent for the Masonic Theatre, Baltimore, is pronounced to be false by Frank G. Connelly. The rent, \$10,000, was paid last May and twenty weeks time is filed for the coming season. The rumor was wafted to THE MIRROR by P. Harris' representative, who showed a printed report of the Baltimore masons in support of his statement.

Helen Blythe's gradual ascension in the 20 diac of stellar luminaries has been distinctly marked, and to day she ranks among managers as a profitable and paying attraction—all due to her characteristic perseverance, indefatigable efforts and laborious study. Next season she will go out equipped with a first class company and every detail essential in the production of her powerful repertoire of plays, including Catherine Howard, 'Twixt Axe and Crown, Condemn Not and Article 47. J. F. Brien is her sole manager, and has made some excellent bookings.

Professional Doings.



Above is a portrait of William J. Gilmore, the successful Philadelphia manager. He is the proprietor and manager of the Central Theatre, besides owning two spectacular combinations, The Devil's Auction and The Twelve Temptations. Mr. Gilmore is an enterprising man, and that is one of the many reasons why he is steadily acquiring wealth and popularity.

—Carrie Barton is at East Cambridge.

—Helen Bancroft is at Woodville, N. H.

—Minnie Williams has been engaged for The Kitty.

—H. Rees Davis has been engaged by Roland Reed.

—Marion Fleming is recovering from a severe illness.

—Jennie Ellison has been engaged for T. W. Keene's company.

—Ross D. Neal has been engaged for Mme. Janssens's company.

—Harry Sullivan, the tragedian, is reported to be seriously ill in England.

—The Clapper Quartette has been engaged for Dixey's Adonis company.

—Evans and Hoyt sail for America by the City of New York on August 11.

—Harry Crandall goes out next season in Joe Murphy's old play of Help.

—Frank M. Norcross denies that he has signed to go with Jim the Peasant next season.

—Ralph Howard has been engaged by E. M. Gardner for the Streets of New York.

—Louis Hendricks has been engaged by Joseph H. Mack for Robert Downing's company.

—Charles L. Andrews' Michael Strogoff opens its season at Danbury, Conn., on August 6.

—John McLean, a popular English actor, will be in Mary Anderson's support during her coming tour.

—Maurice Clyde has been engaged to support Louis James and Marie Wainwright.

—Jennie Easton, of Elmira, will be a member of the Madison Square Theatre company next season.

—Henrietta Berlier will open her season about Sept. 3 in Baltimore under the management of Ed. Rue.

—Charles L. Andrews and wife are to spend part of the summer at Long Branch.

—The Star Theatre will reopen on August 27 with Johnson and Slavia's Misstress.

—John H. Pollock is the successor of the late Wellington Hall as treasurer of the Casino.

—Newton Dana, who is in the White Mountains for the summer, has been engaged by W. J. Florence.

—Toma and Lilly Adams, the little daughters of George H. Adams, will go with Charles T. Ellis the coming season.

—George W. Wadleigh has been engaged as business manager of the Pearl of Pekin, which opens the season at Cincinnati on Sept. 3.

—Frank Paul has engaged F. M. Kendrick, Adele Gray, T. B. Butler, Lottie Hyde and Emma Sherwood for John Will's company.

—Cyril Scott and Frank Carlyle start with a party of friends on a yachting tour next week up Long Island Sound as far as Newport.

—Henry E. Hoyt, Charles Witham and Sydney Chidley are painting the scenery for C. R. Gardner's production of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

—The Kitty opens its season on August 27 at Detroit. In spite of all reports to the contrary, Amy Ames, W. A. Mestayer and Theresa Vanha will be in the organization.

—Francis Reinan has sold an original three-act comedy entitled The Widow's Honeycomb to Kate Claxton, who will produce it in this city before October.

—Edwin and Lilah Stuart are resting at their home in Chalfont, Minn. Their season opens at Winona, Minn., on August 27.

—Charles N. Richardson, stage manager, Montie Hernandez, and Ed. G. Bourne, advance, have been re-engaged for Stuart's Theatre company.

—The receipts of Sara Bernhardt's first night at the Lyceum Theatre in London are reported to have reached \$4,000.

—It is said that John Stetson will return to his old love next season and put a travelling opera company on the road.

—William Garen, who for the last five years has been the business manager of the Frances Bishop Muggs' Landing company, is in the city, and at liberty for the coming season.

—George W. Leslie, formerly with John S. Clarke, and who was specially engaged by Roland Reed for his recent Pacific slope tour, has signed with that comedian for next season.

—William Yardley and Fred W. Tidney, of Maude Banks' company, are at work upon two new farcical comedies. Mr. Tidney is the author of Her Evil Genius, and is said to have finished a play for Corinne lately, and is about to commence another for Mrs. Langtry.

—The following people have been engaged by Sargent Aborn to appear in The Ruling Passion, which opens its season at Pittsburgh on Sept. 3: Lottie Church, Florence Stover, George Wright, Walter Fletcher, Tom Brannich, Charles Mestayer and Baby Stover.

—Samuel French and Sons hold the American rights of a new comedy-drama in four acts, by Arthur Law, to be produced within a few weeks at Manchester, England, with London to follow. The play is entitled Modern Marriage, and is for a lady star.

—Branch O'Brien has signed to go in advance of Foy Crowell next season. Miss Crowell is fortunate in securing so efficient an agent, while he in turn is to be congratulated for having so attractive a star.

—Four new theatres (two rebuilt) will open their doors in this city next season, viz: Union Square, Tony Pastor's, Amberg's Irving Place Theatre, and Proctor's new house on West Twenty-third street. These, with the new Broadway, and the almost newly constructed Star and Third Avenue, will afford some food for architectural examination next season.

—Joseph Brooks is to be a busy man next season. He has entered into an agreement with Rudolph Aronson, by the terms of which he will have full control next season of the tours of the Casino company, playing Nady, Ermeline, The Oolah, and probably the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Besides these companies Mr. Brooks will manage Frederick Warde.

—The Spring tour of Marianne Clarke's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde closed on Saturday night at Washington, and a complimentary benefit to the star was tendered him by his friends at the Bijou Theatre on Monday night.

—William B. Hayes, a wealthy lawyer, formerly of Chicago, and at present of this city, is reported to be seriously considering the construction of a large popular price theatre on Eighth avenue, somewhere between Thirty-fifth and Fifty-fifth streets. Mr. Hayes has had a hand in the construction of three theatres.

—A benefit will be given to William H. Friday, at his Summer Theatre, in Brooklyn, E. D., on Saturday evening, at which the following people, among others, will appear: Weston Brothers, Harry Kennedy, Delmann Brothers, Alfred Masco, Winston Murray and Martin Hayden.

—The new Lyceum Theatre in Rochester is rapidly nearing completion, and it promises to be one of the finest houses in the State. Nearly every prominent merchant in the city is a stockholder, whose names are a guarantee of the solidity of the enterprise. Included in the list are H. H. Warner, of Safe Kidney Cure fame; Mr. Kimball, the well-known cigarette manufacturer; A. E. Wolf, President of the Ontario Steamboat Company; Burke, Fitzsimmons, Hone and Company, large dry-goods dealers; George Welden, the wall-paper dealer, and others of equal prominence. The theatre is built in accordance with modern ideas. It will be strictly fire-proof on the ground floor, and it will seat 1,000 people, with ample standing-room. J. R. Pierce, the business manager of the house, is at Klaw and Erlanger's daily, filling time.

—Robert Mantell is at the Grand Bay.

—Isaac B. Rich has been spending a few days at Wolfboro.

—Beatrice Moreland is passing the summer at New Rochelle.

—Wright Huntington has taken up his summer quarters at Modus, Conn.

—Little Birdie Black, last season with Joseph Jefferson, will be with Rose Coghlan's company next season.

—The Opera House at Quincy, Illinois, has recently changed hands. It has been sold to a dry-goods dealer for \$31,000.

—C. G. Campbell, announced last week as engaged with the Moore Opera company, is still at liberty, the rumor being premature.

—George Woodward, who has been engaged to play the Rev. Murray Hilton, in The Henrietta next season, with Robson and Craze.

—Mrs. Yeamans and her daughter Emily have gone to Richfield Springs for a few weeks. Mrs. Yeamans has recovered from her severe attack of rheumatism.

—G. F. Lake, proprietor of the Opera House at Titusville, Fla., is in the city. He makes his headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange.

—Whitman Osgood, of Washington, has just finished writing a three-act musical farce-comedy entitled Camping Out.

—John S. Webster, Jr., late treasurer of the Jennie Caldwell company, has taken up his permanent residence at Gloucester, Mass.

—Eugene O'Rourke has been engaged by the Hansons for Le Voyage en Suisse.

—B. F. Ellaberry, manager of the New Masonic Opera House, Ironton, O., is anxious to get a first-class attraction to open his theatre between the 15th of September and the 5th of October.

—W. H. Bartholomew, the comedian and character actor, is summing up in Philadelphia. He is at liberty for next season.

—Kitty Marcellus is summing up at her home in Bloomington, Ill. She is disengaged for next season.

—Marie Greenwood, prima donna soprano, is in the city, and disengaged.

—Camden, S. C., is coming into notice as a theatrical town. It has a fine theatre, under the management of J. L. Braisington.

—Samuel J. Browne is located in Philadelphia for the summer. He is disengaged for next season. Mr. Browne has made a good record as a leading man.

—Ernest Bartram has signed with Roland Reed for next season.

—Fred E. Queen has been engaged for the season of 1888-89 for Tristram's Zig-Zag company.

—The Frankford Opera House, near Philadelphia, has been thoroughly refitted, and has a new stage, new scenery, etc. Manager J. L. Saphore is now prepared to give anything, from the grandest spectacle to the simple farce.

—Mrs. W. T. Powell, of Richmond, Va., has engaged Josh Ogden as her business manager. He is at present in this city, booking attractions for her house, and he thinks he has got the pick of them all.

—Annie Barclay, late of Annie Pixley's company, is summing up on Long Island.

—Sheridan Block has left his country home in Orange, and returned to the city. He has not yet signed for next season.

—Buffalo Bill's Wild West is in the last week of its successful career at Erasmus, S. I. It is justly esteemed one of the most palatable diversions of the present day, and every one who has the time and a few cents in his pocket is not disposed to miss the opportunity of witnessing its border attractions. Every afternoon and evening the enclosure is crowded almost to suffocation.

—The Monitron Opera House at Lacombe, N. H., offers a first-class attraction a few of the usually coveted fair dates.

—C. Jay Williams, the German dialect comedian, and Lillian Keene, a juvenile, will appear at the Lyceum Theatre on Sept. 3.

—With Rag and the Wild Cat company, are at liberty for next season.

—Henry E. Hoyt is painting a panorama of a fair voyage to Athens for the production of A Midsummer Night's Dream at the Casino, Chicago. The panorama is over three hundred feet in length.

—The following people have been engaged by William Gillette to appear in A Legal Wreck at the Madison Square Theatre, on August 13: Nina Boucicault, Ida Vernon, May Saville, Fanny Denham, Rose, Elsie Lombard, Frances Graham, Alfred Hudson, Sydney Smith, George Fawcett, Henry Thorne and Sydney Drew.

—The Stowaway will be given its first representation in this country at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 17. It will be seen at Niblo's Garden on Sept. 18, and at the Star Theatre later in the season.

—The Kindergarten's regular season will open on August 30 at the Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn. Katie Hart, Alfred McDowell, B. F. Grinnell, F. S. Sanford, E. A. Archer, Nellie Brown and Gusie Hart have been engaged. J. A. Reed will be business manager for the proprietor, Harry Williams.

—Charles W. King, late of Floy Crowell's company, is not the same Charles King who is heading a piratical May Blossom company out West.

—During the rebuilding of the Academy of Music, at Haverhill, Mass., which was destroyed by fire on the 7th inst., Manager J. F. West will play his attractions at the City Hall. It has a good stage and an abundance of scenery, and seats 1,100. Work has already commenced on the Academy, and the erection will be pushed on as speedily as possible.

—Matt Grau, business manager of the Jules Grau Opera company, has bought from Goldmark and Corried the sole right to produce the Black Hussar through the South for the coming season.

—The people thus far engaged for His Royal Highness include: Teddie, May Stewart, Laura Syvester, R. V. Ferguson, L. N. Glover, and Richard Quilter.

—Pete Baker has closed a season of forty-three weeks. Chris and Lena will be shelved next Fall, Mr. Baker thinks. The Ensigns and the Ensigns have been engaged. Little Miller, Vera Walters, Little Grace Euler, Frank L. Lewis, W. Hanlan and J. Whitcomb. Thomas R. Perry is the manager, and A. E. Davidson, treasurer.

—Frank Lander, late of Mrs. Potter's company, has been engaged for Rose Coghlan's support. Violet Black (Mrs. Lander) is also engaged for juveniles in the same.

—Louise Kate Quinton, who created the grotesque character role of Tacitha in Little Puck last season, has been engaged for the leading comedy part in Mestayer's Twenty Maidens to One Dude.

—The City Opera House, St. Johns, N. F., will be opened on Friday of next week with Dr. Charles L. Howard's Misstress. The company, numbering some fifty people, sail on the steamship Fortia direct for St. Johns.

—The Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, presents a rather chaotic appearance at present. The interior is filled with scaffolding, and a number of workmen are busy embellishing the ceiling and walls, and otherwise beautifying the place. When finished, the Grand will probably be the handsomest theatre in Brooklyn proper.

—J. E. Nugent arrived from England on the City of Berlin on Saturday last, bringing two new English plays—The Fugitive, by Tom Craven, author of The Stowaway, and another not yet named. He will give them an American hearing the coming season.

—The statement published in two daily papers that Evonnia Galt had entered into a marital engagement with Charles Mortimer is pronounced entirely false by those concerned. Miss Galt is simply being engaged to support Mr. Mortimer next season in Broken Hearts.

—The Fonda company, under the management of Sheridan Corby, is now complete, and consists of the following, with Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-sect, as the stellar attraction: John Woodard, Cryptic Palmont, Harry Gilfoil, H. Matthews, George Schultz, Lillian Carr, Mary Gray, Emma Grant and Little Lillie. The season will open August 17, at Keyport, N. J. Captain Jack's trained horse Antelope will play a conspicuous part in the drama. The scenery is now being painted, and the novel mechanical effects are being constructed in this city by E. Deaves, the Californian scenic artist and machinist. The songs, choruses and glees have all been written by Captain Jack. Hasselman, of Indianapolis, will do the elaborate wall printing, and the Buffalo Courier the lithographic work. Mr. Corby is exceedingly sanguine over his prospects, and has made excellent bookings.

—It is now pretty well believed that Denman Thompson has closed with Richard Stahl for the production, on an elaborate scale, of the opera, The Song of the Sea, at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, which received its first production in San Francisco a month or so ago at the Tivoli. Mr. Thompson saw it there, and became enthusiastic about it. Seeing money in it, he at once entered into negotiations with the author for a tour of the Eastern States. The understanding is, that Mr. Stahl is to accompany the opera in its travels at a salary of sixty dollars per week as musical director, and ten per cent. of the gross receipts for the use of the opera for five years. Mr. Thompson will furnish the capital, and equip the work as a spectacle, to do which, according to the author's idea, will involve an expenditure of some \$20,000. Matters have so far proceeded between the two contracting parties that Mr. Thompson has engaged Frank McKee to return from California, and represent his interests in the production.

—M. H. Hudson, Mr. Judah, of Kansas City, Mo. Taylor, D. J. Ayres, of Keokuk, and J. N. Morris, of Montgomery, Ala., formed a fishing syndicate last week, and cast their lines off Hargett Pier, bagging 451. A queer story ran through the crowd on their arrival in the city, to the effect that the first named gentleman purloined the whole cargo and sold it to a hotel man at Asbury Park. The story, however, may be as good as the fish.

—Mrs. Lowenstein is the title of Joseph Palmer's new comedy, which he will place upon the road next season. Mr. Palmer's character will be a novel one—that of a strong minded, garrulous Jewish woman, illustrating the characteristics of her race in business, but full of the milk of human kindness in everything else. He expects great things from Mrs. Lowenstein.

—N. S. Wood will open his regular season, under the management of Harry Williams, at the Third Avenue Theatre in The Walls of New York. De La Harpe, the scenic artist, is painting new and elaborate scenery for the play. The railroad bridge scene, with two trains crossing the stage in opposite directions, will be a realistic piece of stage mechanism. The following people are engaged for the support: George W. Thompson, George Morton, Jerome Stanall, W. D. Chaffin, George W. Pyke, John Fox, Ada Martin and Nellie Mackell.

—Corine is meeting with great popularity in Boston. She is in the third week of her engagement there and playing to standing ovations. Corine's time for the coming season is all filled. The tour begins on September 3, and continues for over forty weeks in all the large cities. Mrs. Kimball will have a new play written for her by a well-known author.

—The Corinne Lyceum is the name of Manager H. R. Jacobs' new theatre at Buffalo (formerly the Grand Opera House). Extensive alterations have been going on for some time. All that remains of the former house are the four walls, the interior having been taken out. It will be rebuilt. McElfrick, the architect, has the work in hand, and it is thought it will be one of the handsomest houses in the West. The floors will be entirely covered with rich velvet carpets, elegantly upholstered fauteuil chairs put in, and entire new scenery painted.

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Stage 36 feet deep, 72 feet wide and 50 feet high. Seating capacity about 1,500. Edison incandescent lights. The whole house beautifully upholstered, decorated and carpeted, and the most approved folding opera chairs will be used throughout. For per time address E. D. GRISWOLD, care Klaw & Erlanger, Taylor's Exchange, 23 E. 14th St., New York.

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Three Railroads. Five hours ride to Atlanta, Augusta and Macon.

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Has been entirely remodeled, with new Boxes, Scenery, Chairs and Balcony. Seating capacity, 850, and will be ready to open Sept. 1, 1888. Bowling Green is located on main line of L. & N. R. R., about midway between Louisville and Nashville. Address POTTER BROS., Bowling Green, Ky.

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Seats 800. New scenery. Good theatre town. Share or rent. J. T. MALLORY, Manager.

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THOMASVILLE, GA.

POPULATION, Winter Season, 10,000.

A Reporter Behind the Scenes.

In order to satisfy his curiosity as well as to seek for additional particulars concerning the way the employees of the Nero show are treated, a Mirror reporter went to St. George last Monday evening and was duly admitted behind the scenes. Not wishing to inconvenience the management he simply looked himself as a supernumerary, but is willing that the twenty-five cents due him for his night's work as a Roman senator should go to the super captain who engaged him as an impetuous dude.

Thamale supernumeraries are placed in line at the gates of the Staten Island Ferry, and after the passengers from the waiting-room have boarded the boat they are passed through the gates like a drove of live-stock. The girls are provided with weekly passes, securing for them comparative freedom from executive management until they land at St. George, where their passes are punched with an ominous "L" if they are late. During the sail over the reporter prepared himself for the great spectacle he was about to witness from an employee's point of view by perusing a dainty little gift-enterprise entitled "My Life's Ambition," written and distributed by his friends by Irene Kiraly. From this pamphlet it is learned that Mr. Kiraly has been for the last eighteen years prominently before the American public, and that he is only yielding to the common impulse in having an ambition to excel all others in the line of art with which his name is identified.

Once inside the ground fenced off for the Nero employees, the reporter took a survey of his surroundings. The effect might with justice be described as picturesque. At one end of the grounds were the race horses and elephants, the latter being swept and generally cleaned prior to their appearance. Near by was the property-room, where all kinds of queer looking things are taken care of until the knights of the nineteenth century have been transformed into units of the Roman populace. The reporter lifted a huge emblem just to show what a Roman senator possessed in the way of muscle, and became thoroughly satisfied that a week's salary would not induce him to burden himself with any such weight of woe for the entire performance. The gentlemen who let themselves out for that kind of a licker or lifter, are fastened to these gilded spectacles of antique furniture by means of a leather belt. This belt secures their services for the rest of the evening.

The reporter then made the rounds of the dressing-rooms, where gorgeous costumes were being distributed free of charge. By this time the last boat previous to the performance had arrived, and the super captain was making the rounds. Every one in modern attire had either to don a Roman rig or vacate the premises. No read heads are allowed behind the scenes. Even the theatrical mechanics who shove scenery in view of the audience are made to appear as Roman "trips" by throwing flowing negligee nightgowns over their working clothes.

Finally a variegated assortment of Praetorian guards, lictors, senators, consuls, palanquin bearers, foot trumpeers, horse transmitters, office s, gladiators, embalmers and a kind of non-descript police force are all in fighting trim, while Roman maidens congregate from their dressing-rooms on the other side of the corridor under the stage. The dreamers of ancient Rome certainly knew how to set off the female form. The female portion of the Roman populace get more in the way of costume than their sisters in the ballet, but the latter get more salary, and also have a trifling advantage in the matter of dress.

It is not intended in this article to describe the performance in detail. Everyone who has passed an evening at St. George can testify that it is well worth seeing. The opening tableau is an aquatic festival. Trifles are made to appear sailing on the Tiber, while Roman soldiers engage in a naval conflict. The three acts are very deceptive at a distance. It is some what deceiving the liquid illusion to see a set of "trips" inside of these Roman vessels, shoving them on castors, while shouting that the water consists of extended strips of canvas on wheels. The next tableau is the grand procession, and presents a motley crowd of men, women, children, elephants, camels, horses, spread all over an expanse fully 700 feet in length. The scene is the Roman forum. Nero, having removed Claudius for offensive partisanship, appears in the triumphal procession in a grand chariot, looking as if he were a juvenile prodigy at eleven years of age, gave me his name, which I played under for some time. In fact, everyone who, during the period between my eleventh and fifteenth year, obtained control of the "Young Roscius" (as I was then called on the bills) gave me their names; so during that time I had many names—Kean, Woods, as well as Moses, and then Adrich. But my real name was Salma Lyon, as I have said, until the courts legally gave me my protegee's name of Louis Aldrich, which I have used ever since I was less than fifteen years of age.

By correcting your error you will oblige Yours truly, LOUIS ALDRICH.

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Seats 1,000. Population of town 10,000. Suburban town 10,000. Good stage; to sets of scenery. Will rent to right party for three, five or ten years. Best reasons for renting. Good show town. House recently remodeled. References given if required.
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Gossip of the Town.

Following is the company engaged to support Roland Reed on his coming tour, which opens under the management of E. B. Jack, at the Boston Museum on August 13, with the Woman Hater: Harry Smith, George W. Leslie, H. Rees Davies, Ernest Barrtram, Julian Reed, W. W. Plum, W. A. Shaw, Alice Hastings, Annie Lewis and Minnie Monk. The Woman Hater will be made the piece de resistance of the season, although Cheek and Humbug will be presented occasionally.

The name of Gilmore appears so often in the theatrical world that errors of identity may easily occur. The four gentlemen bearing that name, most prominent in the profession, are Edward G. Gilmore, manager of Niblo's Garden and the Academy of Music in this city; D. O. Gilmore, his brother, who is proprietor and manager of Gilmore's Opera House, Springfield, Mass.; W. J. Gilmore, proprietor and manager of the Central Theatre, Philadelphia, and P. S. Gilmore, the bandmaster of this city. With the one exception stated, these gentlemen are not related.

Manager Charles L. Andrews says that he will equip Michael Strogoff this season in a manner that will surpass all previous efforts, and that it will be one of the foremost spectacles on the road. He has just engaged the four Mauvels and Mons. Schalko, one of the best grotesque dancers of the day. The business of the Strogoff company will be entrusted to W. G. Andrews, manager; Duke F. Faber, general business manager; W. D. Reed, assistant agent; C. H. Sanford, programmer, and Charles L. Andrews, general director.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club Concert company, of Boston, has been reorganized for its thirty-ninth season as follows: Thomas Ryan (manager), viola and clarinet; violin soloist, Alvis Bruck, of Berlin; second violin, Max Adler, graduate of the Hock Schule and pupil of Joachim; and violoncello, Anton Hekking, late 'cello-soloist of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlin. A viola and 'cello player from Berlin completes the strings, and Alice Ryan, who has just finished two years' study under Madame Marchesi, of Paris, accompanies the party as soprano soloist. Larry E. Hammond, late assistant manager of the Bostonians, will look after the advance work.

J. H. Buckley, of the firm of Clay, Powers and Buckley, managers of the theatres in Bay City and East Saginaw, is in the city. Mr. Buckley expects an unusually prosperous season in Michigan, from the fact that Klaw and Erlanger have booked an excellent list of attractions for the Michigan circuit of theatres. He says: "It would surprise some of you New Yorkers to see the handsome theatres that are going up throughout Michigan and the business that is done in them. Some of our houses would compare favorably with the best in the metropolis, and they are in equipment equal to the large theatres. Michigan has always a big house for a good attraction, and I do not believe that the election excitement is going to affect us there, as Michigan is not given to the torchlight hurrah features of the campaign." Mr. Buckley will remain in the city two or three weeks, making his headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's.

Letter to the Editor.

MR. ALDRICH'S NAME.

New York, July 14, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—In your last edition you give the "real names of professional people." Not that it matters much, but you might as well give mine correctly, which you do not.

For your information I would state, though I have been known professionally as Louis Aldrich for thirty years, my name at birth was Salma Lyon.

For business reasons my name was legally changed, by Massachusetts courts, seven years ago. Both the "World Almanac" and your paper fall into the error of saying my real name is Louis Moses. This is owing to the fact that I was adopted as a child by Morris Moses, of Cincinnati, who, when I went on the stage as a juvenile prodigy at eleven years of age, gave me his name, which I played under for some time. In fact, everyone who, during the period between my eleventh and fifteenth year, obtained control of the "Young Roscius" (as I was then called on the bills) gave me their names; so during that time I had many names—Kean, Woods, as well as Moses, and then Adrich. But my real name was Salma Lyon, as I have said, until the courts legally gave me my protegee's name of Louis Aldrich, which I have used ever since I was less than fifteen years of age.

By correcting your error you will oblige Yours truly, LOUIS ALDRICH.

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Following is the company engaged to support Roland Reed on his coming tour, which opens under the management of E. B. Jack, at the Boston Museum on August 13, with the Woman Hater: Harry Smith, George W. Leslie, H. Rees Davies, Ernest Barrtram, Julian Reed, W. W. Plum, W. A. Shaw, Alice Hastings, Annie Lewis and Minnie Monk. The Woman Hater will be made the piece de resistance of the season, although Cheek and Humbug will be presented occasionally.

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Before me, W. D. Couch, a notary public, residing in the city of Altoona, in the County and State aforesaid, personally came Hon. Edmund H. Turner, Mayor; F. W. Olmes, President Board of Trade; H. K. McCauley, secretary Altoona Iron Co., and S. A. Lutz, proprietor of Globe Hotel, who, each being sworn in due form of law, doth depose and say, that the building known as the Eleventh Avenue Opera House, of this city, owned by Messrs Baltzell and Rouss, who, each being sworn in due form of law, doth depose and say, that the building known as the Eleventh Avenue Opera House, formerly the Altoona Hall and Market Company Hall, now being remodeled. The TWO LOWER FLOORS are arranged to be used for DRY GOODS and CARPETS, and the UPPER FLOOR is being furnished as an OPERA HOUSE. The strength of the wall of the building on the Eleventh street side has always been seriously questioned, and is yet doubted by many of our people. We further state: That the new "MOUNTAIN CITY THEATRE," recently erected, and owned by Mr. Louis Plack, is a large, handsome and substantial building, well built and furnished in every respect, with AUDITORIUM on the GROUND FLOOR, and is in our opinion one of the best and most elegantly appointed theatres in the State, and will undoubtedly be the most popular house in this city.

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F. W. OLMES, President Board of Trade,
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Sworn and subscribed before me this 16th day of July, A. D. 1888.

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